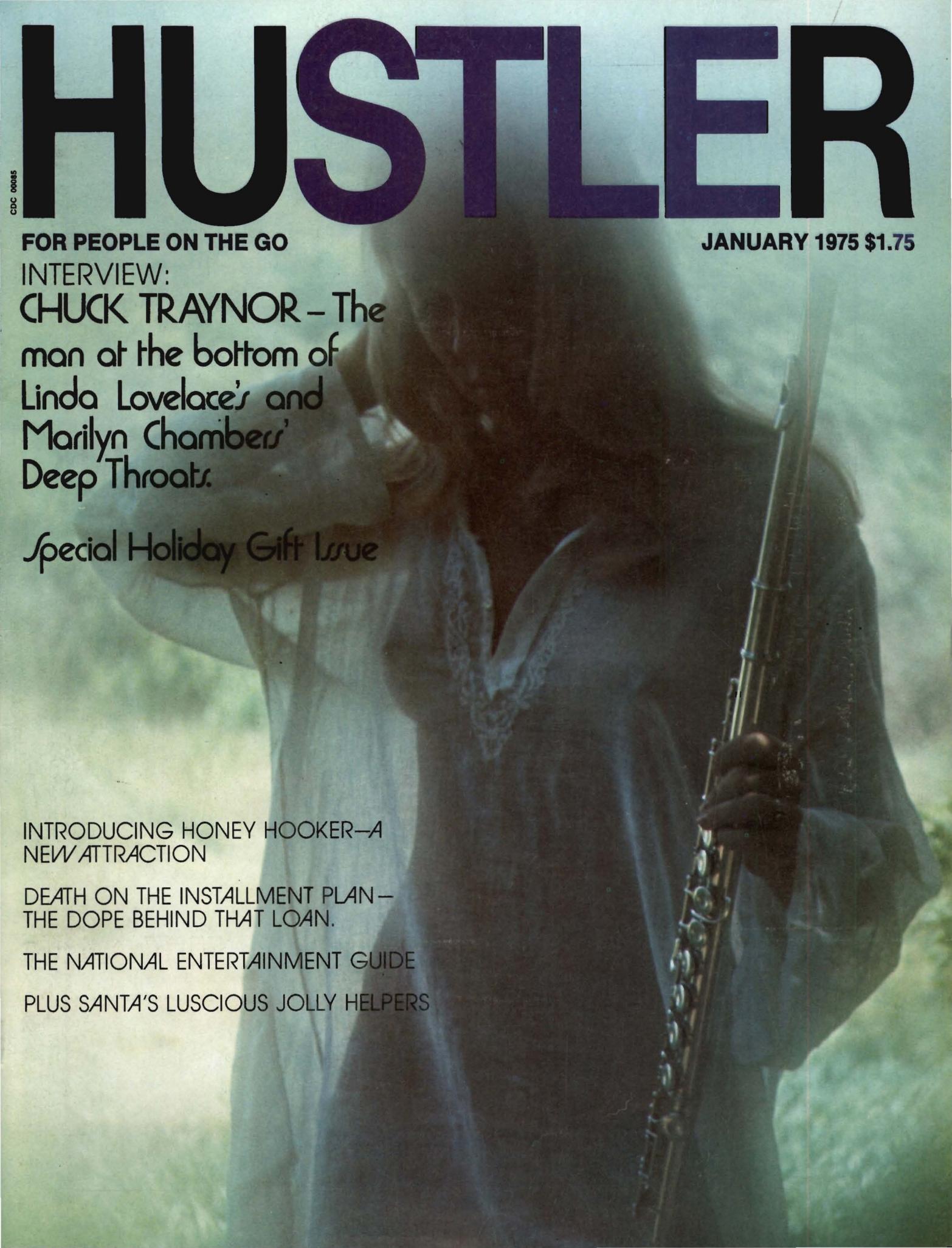


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man at the bottom of
Linda Lovelace's and
Marilyn Chambers'
Deep Throats.

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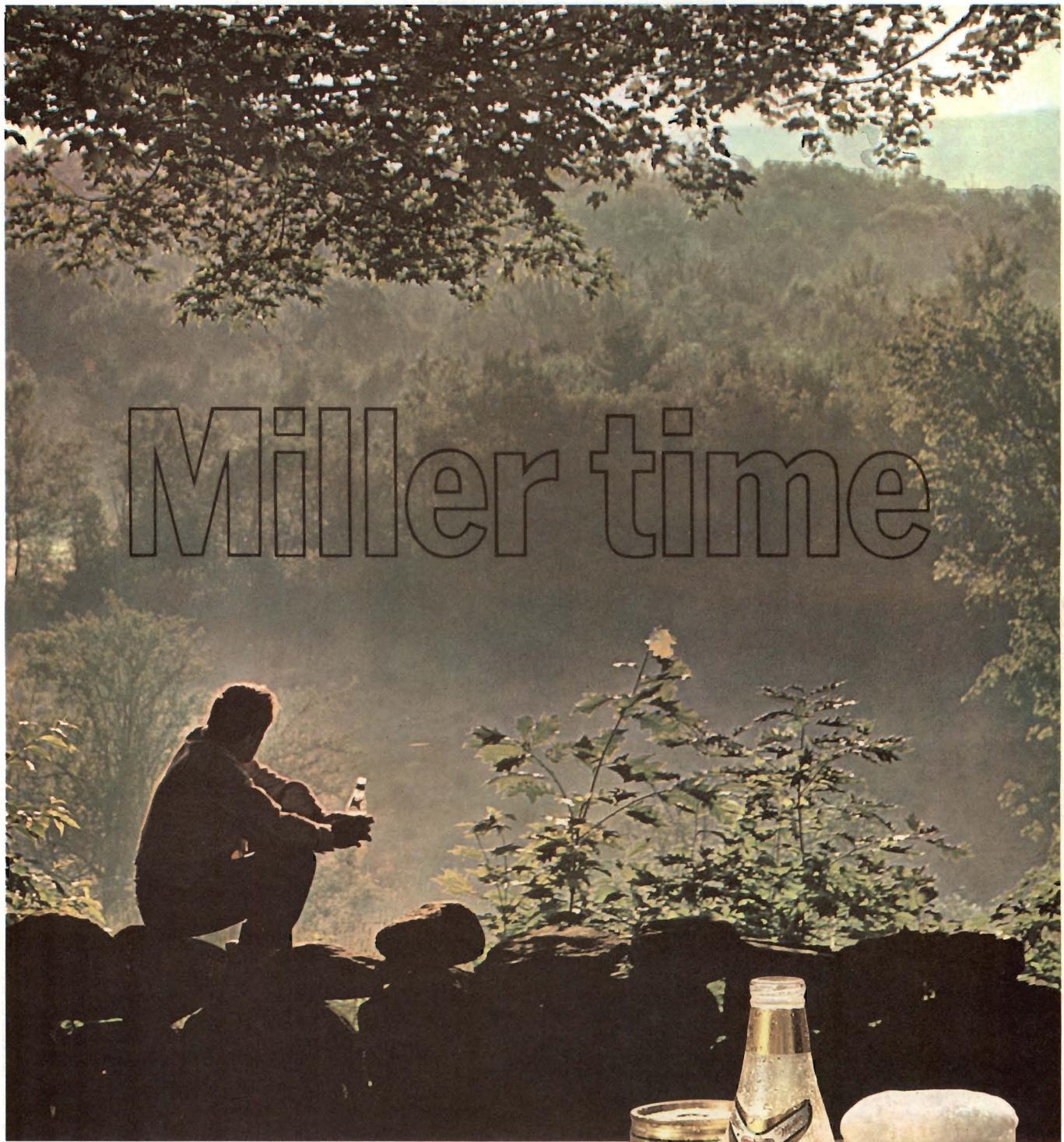
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*12 month increase in value of collectors items auctioned in 1972.



SHOW & TELL

SHELL FISHER

Our Robert Redford interviewer is very active in the industry, ranging from reviewing films and records for the *Long Island Entertainer*, and interviewing name personalities to being an editor of *Show and Monster Times* publications. He's a contributor to many national magazines as well as Burda Publications, Germany's largest magazine publisher. His new book, *Hyborian Door* has just been published.

MARK NELSON

A relatively new writer, Mark's contribution to this issue is "Death on the Installment Plan," the complete lowdown on loansharking. A recent graduate of the University of Wisconsin in Madison, he's decided to continue his education and support himself through his writing efforts.

FRANK LERNER

Our own staff photographer provides many of the best shots of our lascivious lovelies for the discerning eye of our readers. His sense of the artistic has helped make HUSTLER a monthly "MUST" for nearly 1/2 million Americans.

O. G. THOMAS

Author of "From a Green Wicker Chair" is predominantly a fiction writer, though he has dabbled in poetry and script-writing. Being a native of Louisiana, the South has always been his love and he forms much of his plotting around it.

M. F. MITCHELL

An astrologer, she is the mind behind "Give Her What She Really Wants." A free-lancer out of Southern California, she's been writing ever since she can remember.

RAY PUECHNER

Author of "The Gambler" and some four books dealing with controversial as well as humorous subjects, his articles have appeared in many major magazines. Currently living in Milwaukee, he is free-lancing and heading up his own literary agency.

JOE COYNE

Co-author of the Entertainment Guide, his well-traveled background and explorative nature has provided a very complete account of the major cities in the U.S.

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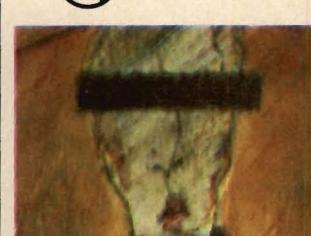
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VOL. 1

NO. 7

JAN.

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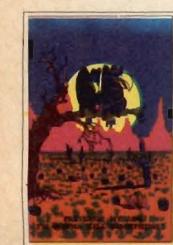
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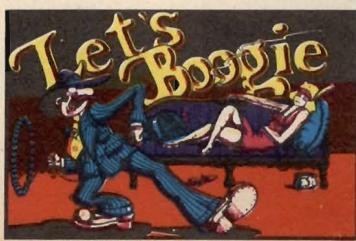
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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is devoted to reader feedback concerning questions that are on our readers' minds but are difficult to discuss with anyone due to the personal nature of the inquiry. Direct all letters to: Advise & Consent Editor, Hustler, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

My wife and I are interested in getting into the swinging scene but are unsure as to the type of activities that go on. We're imaginative in our lovemaking and would like to try other people but we're apprehensive as to what we might find or get involved in.

What exactly does French and Greek mean?

Because they are so frequently used, my wife and I are having a hard time picking a couple to swing with. Please respond as soon as possible — I'm afraid my wife might change her mind about all this.

Len Sussman
Louisville, Kentucky

Greek has come to stand for anal intercourse, presumably because of all the literature on Greek homosexuals; and French for oral sex, presumably because of the famous French tongue (and we don't mean the language). Good luck in finding the right couple to swing with.

I have just discovered the pleasures of anal intercourse, which has left me quite satisfied, but curious too. How is it that I can feel rectal stimulation in my vaginal area as well?

Flora Pritchett
Columbus, Ohio

One trunk nerve serves both the perineal and anal areas. Thus titillation of the rectal tract can give pleasure to the vaginal area.

A friend of mine visited New York City recently. He says it is full of dirty movies, gay bath houses, topless bars, and massage parlors — all just flesh pots. Would you agree that New York

is the most sex-crazed city in the country?

P.L.

Benton Harbor, Michigan

Well, no. Why, right there in your home state is little old Detroit with eleven adult book stores, three spas with nude hostesses, nude photography studios, two live burlesque shows, several skin flick houses, and countless topless bars. New York is probably no more interested in sex than Benton Harbor. It's just that there are more people to participate.

I had an argument with a date of mine the other night. I was kidding her about being a bleached blonde, and this made her really mad because she doesn't use any coloring at all, or so she says. The thing that makes

me so sure that she bleaches her hair is her dark brown pubic hair. Please help us settle the argument once and for all. Does she or doesn't she?

Jerry Radke

Boulder, Colorado

You may be right but your reasoning is definitely wrong. Pubic hair is often shades darker than head hair. In fact, some black-haired women have nearly blue pubic hair.

If you have problems, questions, or interesting experiences regarding sexual matters, put them down on paper and send them to:

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I have never written to a magazine before in my life and I'm 48 years old, but in this case I felt I had to. Your magazine is second only to *Penthouse* which I buy at a newsstand every month. I just happened to pick up the Sept. issue of *HUSTLER* and when I saw the pictures of Juno, she really turned me on. She is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. She's just lovely all over. I hope you'll have her in future issues and I'm lucky enough to pick up a copy. I can just get off looking at her. Thank you for a great magazine. We need it.

Jerry Sterling
Westchester, IL



Have searched every book store in town for pictures similar to your Juno (Sept. 1974), but without success. Can

you tell me how I can find a magazine or photos of Juno, or any model that is shaved, only more exposed,—like those of Cindy or Lorrie for instance. (same issue). Thank you & continued success with your magazine.

T. F.
Las Vegas, Nevada

(Because of the favorable response Juno has generated, we will be featuring her in future issues along with other shaved ladies. Ed.)

As one who is fascinated by a woman's body hair I think that the Oct. 1974 issue of *HUSTLER* was just great! I especially liked: "Nancy" (p. 35) — who looks like Linda Lovelace. I love her frizzy hair and that nice pubic hair shot on page 41. "Fuzz" (p. 43) — Real cute!

"Diana" (p. 47) — That photo on the back left page of the gatefold was just super erotic!

"Michelle" (p. 66) — What a beautiful reddish-brown hairy muff! The photos of her sipping a cocktail & last photo in series really emphasize her hairy bush.

Please feature more HAIRY GIRLS with:

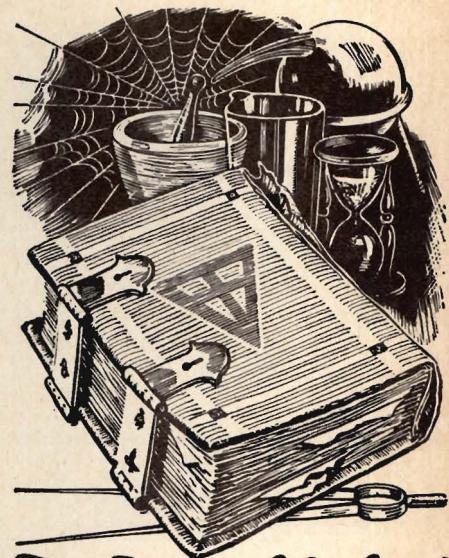
- 1) Long silky tresses of hair;
- 2) Hairy arms;
- 3) Profuse tufts of armpit hair (great, great!);
- 4) Hair on legs;
- 5) Anal hair & hair on buttocks crease;
- 6) Thick bushy growth of pubic hair (from hip bone to hip bone, trailing up to navel & back to anus, patches covering inner thighs.)

You must realize that hair is one of the Oldest & Biggest Super Turn-Ons!!!!!!

Rodney Major
San Antonio, Texas

(You and T.F. should really get together and swap hateful looks. If I understand the latter part of your letter, I suggest you take in an afternoon at your local zoo. Seriously, we at *HUSTLER* magazine realize that many men find body hair sex-citing — especially the parting of it — and will have future hair-raising features. Ed.)

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Love affair.

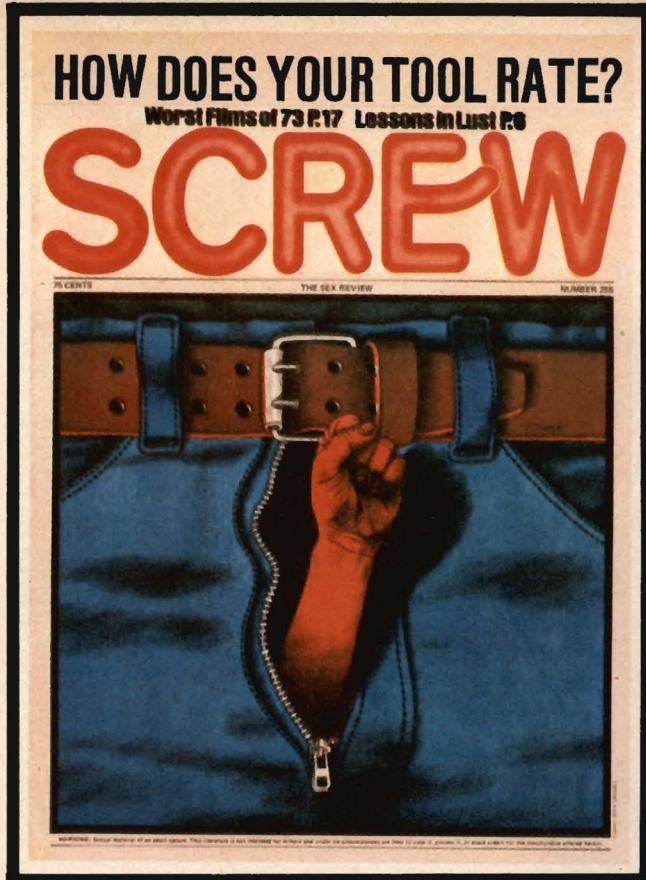
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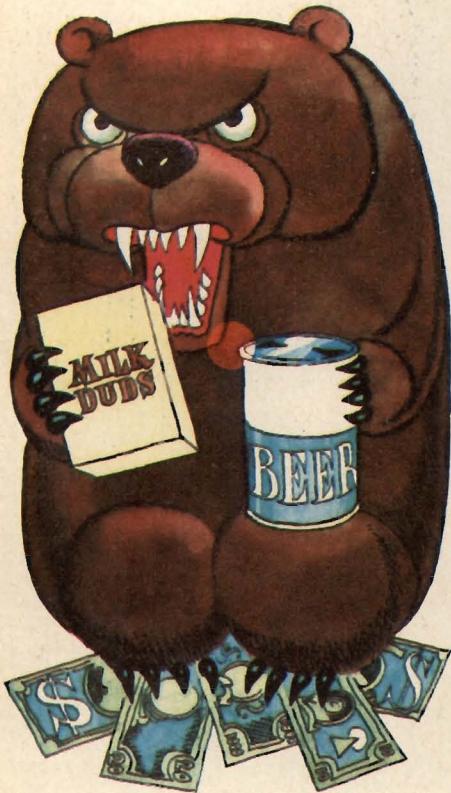
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Hamm's Friendly Bear



How does he do it—that fellow with the bear on the TV commercials for Hamm's beer? With marshmallows, Milk Duds, and loving care.

The bear's name is Sasha and he's a Kodiak from Alberta, Canada. His trainer's name is Earl Hammond, from Tioga, Pennsylvania, where he has a 500-acre farm with 100 animals, 40 of them wild.

Sasha now weighs in at 600 pounds but when Hammond found him in Canada in March, 1973, at ten months of age, he weighed half that. It costs Hammond \$13 a day to keep Sasha in Milk Duds and other goodies, but it's worth it since they make at least \$50,000 a year doing the Hamm's commercials.

You can buy a lot of Milk Duds with \$50,000, right?

Although their relationship most of the time is cool, Hammond says he never forgets that Sasha has teeth and claws, and "there's no such thing as a tame bear."

Sasha and Earl recently signed a new two-year contract with Hamm's, whose ad people are ecstatic about the public's response to Sasha. They've been getting 50 letters a week asking about the beer.

Oh yes, sales of Hamm's are up, too.

Pre-empts for Watergate Nymphs

At the expense of bringing up an old and sordid topic, some interesting observations have been made regarding pre-empted television programming during the Watergate hearings.



The original programming to be postponed included the following: I've Got a Secret; Truth or Consequences; Let's Make a Deal; To Tell the Truth; The Secret Storm; Price is Right; Jeopardy; and Sale of the Century. Ripley, are you out there?

Tattoo Taboo



You don't meet many people who have had tattoos removed, mainly because the only process that has been available is plastic surgery or skin grafting which involves lots of time and unsightly scars. Now scientists have discovered that the do-it-all laser beam has yet another use—tattoo removal.

A team of doctors at the University of Cincinnati has developed the technique. The laser beam explodes, or vaporizes, the dye particles imbedded in the skin and they are expelled as smoke. A scar is left, but it is only slight compared to the mess a plastic surgeon can leave behind.

The technique has first been used to treat soldiers who have been "tattooed" by explosives that have implanted tiny particles of dirt beneath their skin.

For those of you whose love life is suffering because your now-long-gone first love's name is permanently implanted on your right bicep, fret no more. Soon you can have the laser beam shine its ever-lovin' light on you.

BITS & PIECES

You're Never Too Old



Sex research is most obviously still in its infancy and even the information released by Masters and Johnson is only a very preliminary step as an informant into the sexual behavior of human beings. But what about sex for the aging, even those who have suffered heart attacks or suffer from other serious physical problems?

There are about 80 million older people in the United States, many of whom suffer from some form of serious physical impairment and who are thus afraid to resume any sexual activity. Many, however, still profess an interest in sexual activity and fortunately a few good books have now been marketed encouraging these people to again partake in sexual activities.

One book, "Sound Sex And The Aging Heart," by Lee D. Scheingold and Nathaniel N. Wagner, supports the contention that sex does not put excessive strain on the heart and offers many suggestions on how older people can again get back to the bedroom. The book takes a particularly close look at older persons who have suffered heart attacks.

One suggestion for resuming sexual activity is for persons to avoid as much as possible, the pushing of muscles against themselves, which would include the traditional man-on-top position:

"Thus it is felt that, given the vigorous thrusting activity and supporting of body weight on the arms characteristic of this position, post-heart-attack male patients should choose a female-on-top or side-by-side position for resumption of sexual intercourse. Female patients and their spouses should choose either of the basic two positions, male-on-top or side-by-side since arm or shoulder muscle contractions would be encountered in these positions."

"Patients in congestive heart failure may feel short of breath in any sort of prone position, and may be more comfortable having sexual intercourse in a sitting position. . . . In sum, sexual activity may be resumed, after a bout of heart disease, in exactly the same way other types of exercise may be resumed: gradually and carefully.

"Sound Sex," also covers menopause, change of life in males, extra-marital sex between older persons, reactions of the aging person sexually, heart disease and what it really is, and many other important topics. The book is considered a valuable resource for older persons.

Chromosomes, A Dictator?

Some sex criminals may initiate crimes that really are not entirely their fault.

A study of 83 such criminals indicated that 6 had an extra Y chromosome along with a distinctive, easily recognized fingerprint pattern. Irregularities such as this are noted as being about 35 times the expected incidence among males in general, thus suggesting the strong possibility of a connection.



Also noted was the fact that XYY criminals were all extremely violent and almost all were murderers or rapists.

The obvious question as to where this leaves us, morally, legally, and medically is without a doubt going to take considerable debate and it is hoped that extensive research can be conducted in this area.

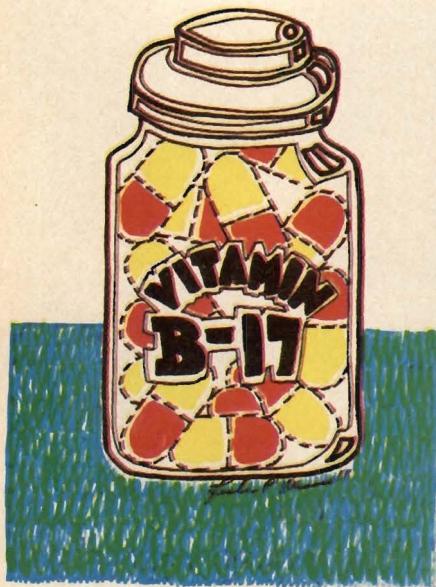
Laetrile

The question of whether or not cancer patients have the right to use Laetrile, in attempting to destroy cancerous tumors may wind up in a California courtroom.

Some tests apparently show that the drug is effective in retarding dangerous growths, however, this point has been argued for years by proponents of Laetrile and Food and Drug Administration officials.

According to George Kell of Modesto, California, an attorney representing about 100 clients in a suit filed against Stanford University Medical Center and the California State De-

BITS & PIECES



partment of Health, it has become a matter of individual constitutional rights as to whether a person chooses to use the drug.

For years, Americans who do so have had to cross the Mexican border in order to receive the drug at a clinic near Tijuana where the drug is used legally, or risk wasting a lot of time trying to find a physician in the United States who would be willing to administer the drug.

The accepted procedures for treating the disease, that of surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy have been grossly inadequate in controlling the disease, although another more promising possibility in recent years is the use of immunotherapy. However, in the meantime supporters of Laetrile, a trade name for amygdalin or Vitamin B-17, have claimed fantastic results in many cases where patients were pronounced terminal.

The drug was first proclaimed useful in 1950 by Dr. Ernst Krebs and his son, who worked with the belief that cancer stemmed from improper nutrition.

Since that time the controversy has raged on and off, and advocates have

continued to insist that the drug receive further evaluation.

One supporter of the drug, comedian Red Buttons claims that the drug saved the life of his wife, Alicia. Alicia, after being told she had terminal cancer, was taken to Germany for treatment by Dr. Hans Nieper. This past year at a convention of Laetrile advocates in Los Angeles, Buttons reported her health to be fine.

their ready-made entertainment fails, they resort to the oldest form of recreation of all."

Stay Healthy — Lay Your Wife



Blackout

It was nine months ago that Britain imposed a blackout of all television after 10 o'clock and now as a consequence, hospitals throughout the country are preparing for another baby boom.

Appointments at maternity wards have sharply increased for the months of September and early October and this may only be the beginning. The Family Planning Association, which predicted the population explosion when the curfew was introduced last December, explained the situation by saying, "People have lost the art of entertaining themselves, so when



According to Dr. Martin Krauthamer, "Infidelity could cost you your life."

Extramarital affairs are more of a strain on persons with heart disease than the routine with the wife at home, according to Dr. Krauthamer.

One reason cited is that compounding stresses of proving one's self with a stranger, along with a sense of guilt and fear of detection, can take a heavy toll on a heart that is already suffering from the trials of age or disease.

Executives are particularly prone to heart failure and consumption of heavy foods and drink which usually accompany illicit sexual encounters increases the chance for an attack.

The moral appears to be that unless your name is Riggs, it might be better to pass it up.

BITS & PIECES

Skirts That Flirt



Just a few weeks ago one of man's best friends was pronounced dead by fashion designers in Paris. The miniskirt, after more than a decade of flirting with men's imaginations, has been declared obsolete and out of style, and thus once again those long sensuous gams are to be shrouded within the confines of long dresses and pants. Men and women who have commented on this most recent development, however, aren't so sure that it's all over the mini. Most interviewed doubted that the longer styles can really take its place and many women with nice firm legs say they will refuse to cast the mini aside, at least not altogether. One good thing said about the latest news is that the longer dresses would certainly go well with the rapid rise in popularity of sexy garter belts and stockings. Fortunately, whichever milady decides to wear, it will or at least should be another banner year for girl watching. Anyway, the decorations may change but the body won't.

Hard to Get

Maybe she is the girl next door, or that foxy secretary back at the office, but regardless, if she likes to play "hard to get," she might just wind up old, gray, and single.

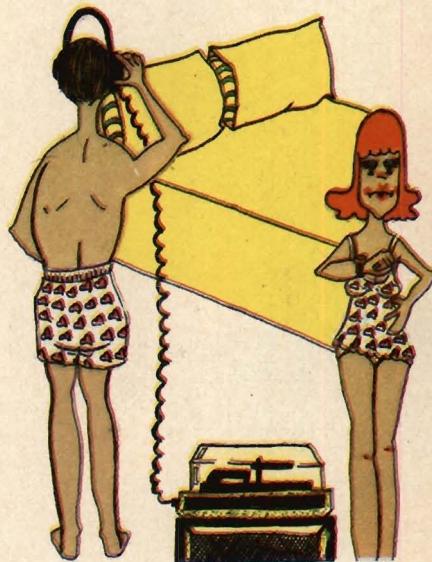
A study conducted recently by three psychologists, who premised their study on the assumption that hard to get women had more fun and were in greater demand were very surprised to find their premise completely false and without any foundation.

It was shown that men actually prefer women who are hard for other men to get.

The reason seems to be that the hard to get woman is likely to be unfriendly and threatening to a man's ego. However, if a woman is too easy, a man often feels embarrassed by excessive display of affection in public.

Therefore, the truly desirable woman is selective and plays hard to get for everyone but you. After all, if she can afford to be selective, she must be desirable.

How's Your Love Life?



If your answer to that often asked question is like those answers given in a popular toothpaste commercial, you might want to try a little different approach to spice it up.

An album now available called, "The Pleasure of Love," has been developed by Dr. Don M. Sloan, a director of the Sex Therapy Unit at New York Medical College to "teach people how to express sexual response."

Since some people shy away from the more graphic overtures often heard on what are described as porno tapes and records, this might be a consideration for timid persons who are trying to strengthen physical relationships and create a sensual atmosphere.

Anyway, a few low orgasmic breaths of air as heard on the record should beat the heck out of watching the late news.



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ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

You're constantly on the move, flying from one city to the next. You've been to every corner of the U.S., because that's where your business takes you. But what can you do when it's time to relax and enjoy the town you're visiting? Pick up *Hustler* every month and you'll get a concise guide to what's happening in the entertainment centers of our country. When you're ready to land on your next trip, our Entertainment Guide will be there to help you enjoy yourself.

ARIZONA

Phoenix: Phoenix and the surrounding area is called "The Valley of the Sun" and gives you an all-season lift. It's an outdoor, get-away-to-relax-and-relax sort of place. As for eateries, you have a complete selection from rustic to elegant or ethnic. One of the most exciting and unique restaurants in the area is **Bobby McGee's Conglomeration**. The salad bar is a bathtub, steaming hot soup is served from a wood-burning stove and the waiters and waitresses are dressed in old movie costumes. The menu presents a fine variety of steak and seafood dishes as well as a few great gourmet items. There's also a European discotheque lounge which swings nightly. **The Boojum Tree** at the **Doubletree Inn-Phoenix** has the best ribs in the world, also a very unique dish — the Decision Maker, which is lamb, lobster and beef served together is absolutely delicious. All complimented by the cozy atmosphere. **The China Doll** is the home of true wok cookery. The menu, in both Chinese and English, provides not only a variety of tasty dishes, but suggestions for ordering two or more combinations. For the finest lobster around, check out the **Nantucket Lobster Trap**. All the seafood is fresh and has been flown in from its source making this a seafood lover's haven. **Olé** presents an excellent Mexican menu with a specialty of outstanding

deluxe Chimichangas and fabulous Margaritas. The **Phoenix Suns** will be on their home court on a regular basis so check the local newspaper for time and dates.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles: Los Angeles is a city of many faces. It is movie stars and the Le Brea Tar Pits, scenic drives and "Sunset Strip", Chinatown and Farmers Market and much, much more. The **California Museum of Science and Industry** at 700 State Drive should not be missed and the **Universal City Studio Tour** is a must. At Universal City, trams take guests through the studio where they get a behind-the-scenes look at motion picture and TV filming. You see demonstrations by make-up artists, hair stylists, stuntmen, and firearms experts. The **Windsor** has high prices but its magnificent menu makes them well worth it. **Cheanti and Emilio's** excel in Italian cuisine. In Beverly Hills, you can dine at **The Bistro** where owner Kurt Niklas serves up "the beautiful people" along with his fine food. At **La Scala**, the wine list is the finest west of New York City because owner Jean Leon supplies his cellars from his own vineyards in Spain. The **Cabernet Sauvignon** and **Chardonnay** are both excellent. It is difficult to get reservations at **Le Restaurant** in Hollywood where you dine in intimate salons, but the wait is well worthwhile. **Zubin**

Mehta and **The Los Angeles Philharmonic** are at the **Dorothy Chandler Pavilion** of the **Music Center**. During December, Guest Conductor **James Levine** will appear on the 12th, 19th and 20th. You should also be sure to see the **Rocky Horror Show** at the **Roxy Theater**. The show is a campy, glittery, fun spoof about Transvestites. The **Century Plaza Hotel**, an experience in itself, offers name entertainment and dancing nightly. The **Rams** are in town on the 9th when they play the Washington Redskins and on the 15th when they play the Buffalo Bills. **National Hockey League** action pits the **Los Angeles Kings** against the Minnesota North Stars on the 1st; the Pittsburgh Penguins on the 5th; the Atlanta Flames on the 8th; the New York Islanders on the 13th; the Montreal Canadiens on the 15th; the Minnesota North Stars again on the 22nd; and the Boston Bruins on the 29th at the Forum. The **Los Angeles Sharks** of the **World Hockey Association** play the Vancouver Blazers on the 16th and the 18th; the New England Whalers on the 27th; and the Houston Aeros on the 30th at the Memorial Sports Arena.

San Francisco: The city of San Francisco, one of the most beautiful in the world, is built on fourteen hills. The **Embarcadero**, **Fisherman's Wharf**, its cable cars, Chinatown, and Telegraph Hill all do their part to steal your heart.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

You will, however, leave more than your heart in San Francisco, for it offers so many attractions, fine restaurants, and swinging lounges that it will claim a large portion of your pocketbook as well. A ride on San Francisco's famous trolley cars is also a must. The **Cannery at Fisherman's Wharf** used to be a cannning factory and has now been converted into a series of unusual shops and restaurants that cover an entire city block. What a fantastic place to do some last-minute Christmas shopping! A side trip to **Sausalito**, a very active artists' colony, is always entertaining as well as profitable. The **Great Dickens Christmas Fair** will be in town from November 30th through December 29th, on Saturdays and Sundays only, in a warehouse located at Jerrald and Rankin Streets. After sight-seeing and shopping, some good eating is in or-

der and you will not be disappointed at **The House of the Prime Rib** where succulent prime rib is carved to your order right at your table or at **Pier 84**, on **Fisherman's Wharf**, where the seafood is really special. A really different place that you shouldn't miss is **Mama's**. Mama Sanchez is the proprietress of this unusual restaurant located at **Washington Square** in the heart of the city's famed North Beach area. Mama's omelettes are the specialty of the house and a favorite is the Northbeacher . . . a blend of cheese, chili peppers and tomatoes. Sandwiches with meats and cheeses served on homemade bread, salads, and hot entrees are also on the menu. If you decide to dine at **The Top of the Mark** high atop the **Mark Hopkins Hotel**, you can enjoy a breathtaking view of the city as you are whisked up via a glass enclosed,

outside elevator. The **Fairmont Hotel** offers name entertainment in its **Venetian Room**. **Tony Bennett** is booked November 29th to December 8th and **Mal Torme** will be there December 10th to the 18th. **Fenocchio's** is a night club with a floor show of female impersonators which you won't soon forget. **Ripple's**, a singles club which is very popular with the men is a swinging local body shop. The **San Francisco 49ers** will be at Candlestick Park on the afternoon of the 8th to meet Green Bay and on the 15th when they will face New Orleans. If you are lucky enough to be in town on December 28th, you can catch the **Shrine East-West Football Classic** also at Candlestick Park. Once a month, on Saturday night, wrestling fans gather at the Cow Palace and, if this sport turns you on, you won't want to miss it.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, D.C.: TV cameras have done their job well and have made everyone feel quite familiar with Washington, D.C., but even so, the thrill of actually being there, in the nation's capital, is an unanticipated reward for the traveler. The **Smithsonian Institute**, lovingly known as the "nation's attic" but actually its treasure trove, the **Natural History Museum**, and the **National Zoo** with its world renowned giant Pandas, should be high on your list of Washington "musts." You should also plan to tour the new **John F. Kennedy Center** and, if possible, attend a performance in one of its three theaters. Great shopping can be found along F Street and Connecticut Avenue and strolling through old Georgetown is fascinating. When your thoughts turn to food, you should turn your feet toward **Cantin D'Italia**, an old provincial inn with an impressive wine list where owner-chef Joseph Muran de Asserto prepares mouth-watering Italian dishes for his patrons. **Sans Souci** is a restaurant where Washington society meets to eat and be truly "free from care" (a good trick these days) in its elegant atmosphere. If you are in a more fiery mood, try **El Tio Pepe** where Flamenco dancing combined with ethnic food admirably



ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

reproduce the feeling of old Spain. If you happen to be in town at the right time, do not miss the **Christmas Pageant of Peace** just south of the White House. The **Redskins** have only one home stand on December 15th afternoon against the Chicago Bears.

FLORIDA

Miami - Ft. Lauderdale: There is no place better to be in December than Miami. It boasts nine miles of sandy, palm-fringed beach and over 800 swimming pools. It may not provide the conventional "White Christmas" about which Bing Crosby croons, but warm, white sand seems more than a fair exchange for cold, white snow. After a day on the beach has heightened your appetite, try **Rumondo's** for fine Italian food or head for **The Forge**, a beautiful building whose owner Alvin Malaik spent two years collecting stained glass for its walls. Its crystal chandeliers, Tiffany glass mirrors, flowers, highly polished carved woods, make it a truly elegant place in which to dine (and its excellent menu which centers around beef). **Joe's Stone Crab Restaurant** is always a favorite, for it features Florida's own fresh stone crab and other seafood delights. If you get to Ft. Lauderdale, you must stop at **Down Under**, a truly unusual restaurant where you dine "down under" the Oakland Park Boulevard Bridge of the Intercoastal Waterway. Its mad jumble of antiques and greens combines with delicious food and fine wines to create an unforgettable effect. December is the height of the season in Miami Beach, and name entertainment is on tap in many of the big hotels. The **Orange Bowl Festival** is also a December event you won't want to miss, but if you must, you can content yourself with seeing the **Miami Dolphins** play the Cincinnati Bengals on the 2nd and the New England Patriots on the 15th.

GEORGIA

Atlanta: Atlanta's airport has probably been seen by everyone who travels by air with any frequency at all, but the city is worth much more than the not-always-so favorable notoriety it re-

ceives in this way. The **Hyatt Regency Atlanta** is a hotel with something special suited to every mood. It houses the **Polaris**, a blue-domed cocktail lounge which revolves 360° every hour, providing a breathtaking view with drinks to match. **Le Parasol** features a large variety of cocktails under one umbrella surrounded by, believe it or not, an aviary full of live birds. **Kobenhavn Kafe and Lounge** is a sidewalk café where one can leisurely enjoy sandwiches, cocktails, or dinner accompanied by the delightful melodies of the piano bar. The **Club Atlantis** really swings with good food, good fun, and the best entertainment outside of Las Vegas. For good times at breakfast, lunch, or dinner, the **Hyatt's Clock of Fives** fills the bill. Drinks, music, and fantastic sourdough bread flown in from San Francisco make it very special indeed. The **Abbey** at 669 West Peachtree is a treat for the eye as well as the palate. A transformed neo-Gothic Church resplendent with medieval tapestries, paintings, stained glass windows, and waiters costumed in Monk's robes; its specialties are Chateaubriand, Cane ton a' l'orange, Côtelettes d'agneau boutiquetierè, flaming desserts, Irish coffee, and one of the best wine cellars in Atlanta. It also features classical harpist **Darlene "Deidi" Henson** nightly. The **Abbey** is one of the most unusual landmarks in Atlanta and a sight you shouldn't miss. If you feel like delicious prime rib, you should head for **Victoria Station** at Piedmont and Lindbergh Roads. The restaurant is constructed of four railroad-freight cars and a caboose and is entered from a baggage loading platform. In addition to its good food and drink, its display of railroad memorabilia make it a worthwhile stop. **Nino's** is the spot for Italian food where mussels are a great favorite with regular guests. During December, Christmas Trees from around the World are on display in Atlanta. The **Falcons** play the Los Angeles Rams at 4 p.m. on December 1st and the Green Bay Packers at 1 p.m. on the 15th. **National Hockey League** action at The Omni pits the **Atlanta Flames** against the Montreal

Canadiens on the 2nd; the Toronto Maple Leafs on the 13th; the Pittsburgh Penguins on the 16th; the St. Louis Blues on the 21st; the New York Rangers on the 23rd; and the Los Angeles Kings on the 27th.

ILLINOIS

Chicago: The "Windy City" is a cold place at this time of the year. The wind blowing directly from the Lake definitely adds a chill to the city. One beautiful sight, despite the weather, is Michigan Avenue with the small white Christmas lights lining both sides of the street and a little snow on the ground really accents the mood. If you feel energetic, take a stroll down through this Winter Wonderland. It's positively a delight. As for entertainment and dining, there's a bit of everything here. On the more elegant side, try **Mon Petit's** for fine French cuisine and French songs done by the versatile **Mr. Wallace**. Right across the hall is **Eugene's**, owned by Gene Sage and seems like

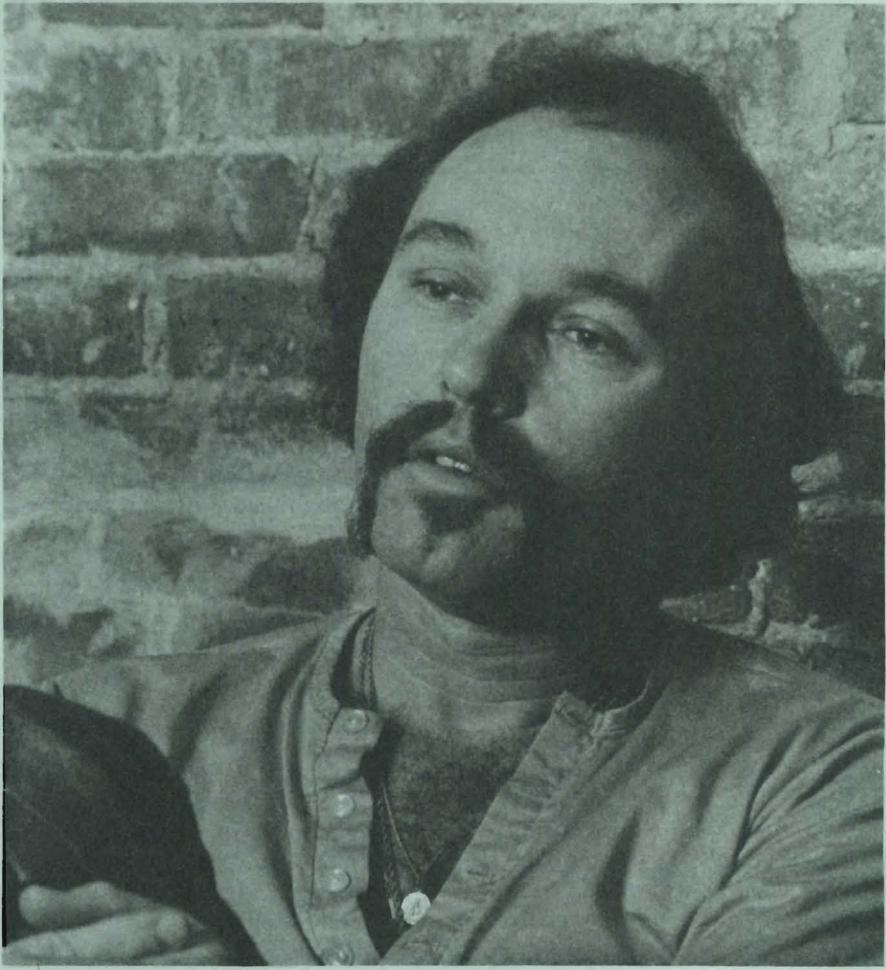


another version of the well-known Sage's East except that decor, menu and entertainment are several degrees more swinging. **La Tour**, high atop the Outer Drive East, presents fine seafoods and steaks as well as a beautiful view. Entertainment nightly. And, as mentioned previously, the **95th Restaurant** on the same floor of the John Hancock Building is excellent and also has a fine view of the city. For a touch of the exotic, try **Jimmy**

continued on page 100

HUSTLER INTERVIEW

Photo by Barbara Jaffe



CHUCK TRAYNOR

"Deep Throat," a notorious X-rated hit directed by Jerry Damiano, was the epitome of Chuck Traynor's teachings. Starring Linda Lovelace as the grand bearer of the erotic deep throat, the flick cost \$28 thousand to produce and grossed some \$20 million.

Traynor is the man who patiently and fondly developed the cocksucking ability of Linda Lovelace and later Marilyn Chambers. He claims that both mastered the deep throat technique in about a week, although Chambers has turned out much better in performance, style and talent, "not only sexually but in all aspects of the business. She just has talent."

Chambers took up in Traynor's life where Linda Lovelace left off. And as her manager, he has promoted her talent so well that she is presently starring in an R-rated William Wilder movie, "Wipeout," as well as writing a book on the deep throat technique (to be released by Warner Publishing this summer), and starring in a professional Vegas night club show.

Having studied cinematography at the University of Miami, Traynor got his start as an assistant cameraman on the "Flipper" television series followed up by "Gentle Ben," "Thunderball" and "PT-109." His first X-rated film to earn \$1 million was "Inga," directed by Joe Sarno.

HUSTLER: How did you and Linda Lovelace first meet?

TRAYNOR: I owned a topless bar in Florida, and I lived in a big old four story house with several friends. Some bar maids who worked for me lived there too along with a friend and a couple of the local girls. I was dating a girl who was a friend of Linda's, and I fixed Linda

up with a friend of mine. He dated her for about a week, and then I decided that I was going to start taking her out, and I did.

HUSTLER: What attracted you to her?

TRAYNOR: I wasn't really attracted to her. She liked the way we lived, and she didn't like the way she was living. She lived with her parents at the time, and they were really sup-

pressing her activities. So she just moved in with us.

HUSTLER: What was Linda's background before she met you?

TRAYNOR: It's a little vague. She went to school in New York State someplace. I think she worked in a boutique someplace up there with her sister. She got pregnant and . . . uh . . . I don't remember . . . she either had the kid or didn't have the kid, and figured, like every girl does when she gets balled by somebody and the guy splits, that now she had to settle down and do something. So she enrolled in an IBM computer school. I think that lasted about six months. Then she was back in New York again when she got into this really serious car accident. I met her while she was recovering in Miami.

HUSTLER: How did her parents react to the movie, "Deep Throat"?

TRAYNOR: Well, there was no reaction. They never even knew anything about it and, consequently, it was never mentioned to them.

HUSTLER: Do you know what the relationship is between Linda and her parents now?

TRAYNOR: Well, no. I really don't. I assume it's that of closeness simply because her parents are very middle class, and they probably feel that their daughter has a chance to become a millionaire. So, it would be stupid for the relationship to be anything but close.

HUSTLER: How long did you know her before you taught her the deep throat technique?

TRAYNOR: I think it was about eight hours.

HUSTLER: You didn't waste any time. Did she learn it quickly?

TRAYNOR: Well, to really get into knowing what you're doing takes about a week.

HUSTLER: Do you think anyone can learn it?

TRAYNOR: If they're taught properly.

HUSTLER: How do you teach someone the technique?

TRAYNOR: (laughter) Well, that's a secret. But I'll give you the rough outline. I would go into it more, but we're being paid a lot of money by Warner Publishing for the book rights. We made a really super deal with them. We got \$50,000 in advance and another \$50,000 on their printing of half a million copies, which they say

they'll print in the second run easily. Plus, 15% of the royalties. The technique is done simply by a method of teaching people that they can be sexually stimulated in other parts of their bodies. When I say other, I mean other than what normally is used for sexual stimulus. It can be done several ways. There was a meeting that Marilyn and I went to at the American Institute of Hypnosis with 1200 doctors. They were very interested in the technique simply because my method is a method of transferring. I could hypnotize you, and over a period of a week I could make your hand so sensitive that if someone touched it, it would turn you on as if you were getting head. It's a matter of convincing someone, mentally and physically, that there are other parts of their bodies that will accept stimuli. The American Medical Institute was interested in it for veterans who had been paralyzed from the waist down. Take a guy twenty years old who had been balling for four or five years. He goes to Viet Nam and comes back and can't feel anything below his waist. With my method he could learn to respond again using another part of his body. It is a proven fact that both Linda and Marilyn can reach an orgasm with the throat thing and there's no reason why it couldn't be used with other parts of their bodies — a hand, an elbow, an arm.

HUSTLER: How did you come to realize that this was possible?

TRAYNOR: I learned the technique in Japan while I was in the Marine Corps, and I've been a karate student for years and years. Self-hypnosis is a very strong part of kung fu karate. Instant self-hypnosis is telling yourself that you can put your hand through a wall, a door or a brick. Well, I integrated the two. As soon as something touches the back of a person's throat, they cough. That's an involuntary muscle reaction. Now, how do you overcome an involuntary muscle reaction without overcoming it permanently? You know, if I taught a chick to overcome that muscle reaction and she were to eat a peanut butter sandwich and swallowed it, she'd choke to death because she wouldn't automatically cough. I had to figure out a way not to interfere with the normal body function of her throat — teaching it to reject some-

TRAYNOR: I learned the technique in Japan while I was in the Marine Corp, and I've been a Karate student for years and years.

HUSTLER INTERVIEW

thing it didn't want and yet accept something it did want.

HUSTLER: How do you separate the two? Giving head from eating a peanut butter sandwich.

TRAYNOR: I teach self-hypnosis in what it amounts to over a period of time. It's the same as a guy who puts his fist through a brick. If someone wants to do the deep throat thing, her mind will automatically control her body, instantly. Most people think self-hypnosis is a thing they have to lay back and relax and think about for an hour to get into. Well, at first you do usually, but you can refine it to a point where you can do it instantly. That's how it works. It's a matter of controlling the muscles in back of your throat. And only when you want it to be. Your mind is taught that when somebody's cock is at the back of your throat that's really sex, and it turns you on if you want it to. And that's how it's done. Once you're convinced of that, it works every time.

HUSTLER: Is Marilyn a better cock-sucker than Linda?

TRAYNOR: Oh, sure. She's had more

TRAYNOR: Believe me, every time we fly back and forth to the coast we get two or three stewardesses who say, "Hey, my boyfriend wants me to learn deep throat. Would you teach me?"

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experience with me. And, of course, the technique advances all the time. I think up new things that I've never taught Linda and now I teach Marilyn. It's something that changes all the time. You always run into little things that pop up.

HUSTLER: Did you ever think of opening up your own office?

TRAYNOR: Believe me, every time we fly back and forth to the coast we get two or three stewardesses who say, "Hey, my boyfriend wants me to learn deep throat. Would you teach me?"

HUSTLER: Why did you leave Miami with Linda?

TRAYNOR: A friend of mine was opening a place in Aspen, Colorado and wanted me to come out there for six months and help put it together. I thought it would be fun so Linda and I packed up and split for Aspen. However, we got into a car accident in Arkansas and, because of complications, we wound up staying there a month. By that time it was too late to go to Colorado, so we headed for New York.

HUSTLER: When you came to New

York, how did you and Linda support yourselves?

TRAYNOR: Well, I'm a photographer, a cameraman.

HUSTLER: Did you start out as a photographer?

TRAYNOR: Yeah, I worked on a lot of films. I did a lot of underwater photography in "Thunderball" and "PT 109." I also worked on the Flipper series with Ivan Tor. I lost a finger on the filming of that series.

HUSTLER: How did you do that?

TRAYNOR: A turtle bit the end of it; it got infected and they had to cut it off.

HUSTLER: Could you tell us more about what you and Linda did in N.Y.?

TRAYNOR: I went to work doing loops — 8mm balling films. I did a few and then I went to the guy who owned the joint and I told him that I could do much better films, but I wanted a thousand dollars a print for the master. So he said, "Do one, and if it's any good, we'll take it." So I did one called "The Foot." And they freaked over it. It was a dynamite film. It was about a chick that balls a foot. Now, my foot had a character. It had a smiling face, an ankle bracelet and painted toe nails. There were two girls involved, but you never saw one of the girls. All that you saw was the foot, and it made the whole deal. All the way through the film you kept thinking that when the foot arrived at this other girl's house, the camera would pan up and you'd see these two chicks balling. But it never did. The camera stayed on the one girl's foot and the other girl's pussy. And this chick with the pussy was large enough for this foot to get in her. For the come shot I took a piece of neoprene tubing and ran it down the back of the girl's leg, under her foot, and up under her big toe. Then I took a rubber syringe and filled it with carnation milk and egg white. The foot was balling away and then pulled out of the pussy and came all over the big toe. That was my film, "The Foot."

HUSTLER: Was Linda in that film?

TRAYNOR: Yeah, she was the foot.

HUSTLER: Where did that play? Was that very underground?

TRAYNOR: Yes, very, very underground. You know, it was a funny thing. I was invited to the Cannes Erotic Film Festival with it, but by that

time the company I sold it to said it was too freaky for the dirty old man with the raincoat that buys 8mm films. They had really cut it up and cut the story right out of it. They just went for the erotic scenes.

HUSTLER: Was it at this time that Linda did the films with the dogs?

TRAYNOR: I didn't do those. I don't know. I think she did two or three of them but that's a very touchy business.

HUSTLER: Did she mind doing them?

TRAYNOR: Nope. If she had, she wouldn't have done them. Nobody ordered her to do them.

HUSTLER: Whose idea was it for the movie "Deep Throat"?

TRAYNOR: Well, of course, the technique was mine. I told Jerry Damiano about the technique, and then he put the film together.

HUSTLER: Whose idea was it to have Linda's pussy shaved for "Deep Throat"?

TRAYNOR: It was shaved before that. When I owned the bar in Florida, I used to feature topless-bottomless dancers and there was a constant court hassle with the local law enforcement agents. One of the things they threw at me was that girls couldn't show pubic hair, so I had all the girls shave and it kept the topless-bottomless dancers dancing. I got away with it for several weeks because that was what the law said—that pubic hair could not show. It didn't say anything about anything else. It was just a gimmick. Linda liked it. So she kept it shaved.

HUSTLER: Doesn't it itch?

TRAYNOR: No. You get used to it. Marilyn has hers in the shape of a heart. I don't know if you noticed it in Playboy, but it's a perfectly shaped heart.

HUSTLER: There was a story that during the filming of "Deep Throat" you used to get uptight watching Harry Reems and Linda, and that Jerry used to have to send you out for cigarettes to get you off the set. Is that true?

TRAYNOR: No. I was production manager on the set. I've been in the business since 1960. That would be silly because that's totally unlike me.

HUSTLER: When did you first realize that "Deep Throat" was a goldmine?

TRAYNOR: Probably about five or six months after its release. We had no contact with the company at all. We did the film, and we were paid for it.

Linda was paid for acting. I was paid for being production manager in the film.

HUSTLER: Is it true that Linda made only \$125 a day shooting that film?

TRAYNOR: Yeah, she made around \$2500 on the film, but you can't condemn anyone for that. After all, Linda wasn't a movie star. I mean, she was a girl off the street and normally girls who do those films get a \$100 a day. Linda got about \$200 a day. There was no intent to defraud or anything. That's simply the way it's done. I think she's doing an X-rated film now, and she's probably getting a lot of money for it. Probably a percentage, too.

HUSTLER: Was "Deep Throat" financed by the mafia?

TRAYNOR: No.

HUSTLER: There was no mafia involvement in that picture?

TRAYNOR: Well, if you stop and think about it, maybe one X-rated film in several hundred or several thousand make any big money. Most of them cost \$15,000 or \$20,000 and make maybe \$30,000 or \$40,000, but only over a long period of time. It's also a business that is superplagued by the FBI and the local police. I don't know that much about the mafia, but they're supposed to be pretty big time, and they'd be really dumb to get into an operation like that. Maybe they own the minitheatres, but I don't think they finance X-rated films. Remember that when "Deep Throat" was made nobody realized that it was going to be an \$18-20 million movie. No, the money didn't come from there at all, as far as I know.

HUSTLER: What goes through your mind when you're watching the woman you're married to ball another guy?

TRAYNOR: Is she doing it right.

HUSTLER: You mean you don't get uptight or jealous?

TRAYNOR: No, jealousy is an inferiority complex. What are you jealous of? I mean, balling to me is business. Whispering in her ear, holding her hand or giving her flowers I may shoot you for. But if you're balling her in a film, that's fine. That's a different situation. I totally separate the two, as I imagine most people do in this business.

HUSTLER: Were you in love with Linda?

TRAYNOR: Well, sure, when I was married to her.

HUSTLER: And now you're in love with Marilyn?

TRAYNOR: Yes.

HUSTLER: Do you have any fetishes?

TRAYNOR: Yeah, all of them.

HUSTLER: What turns you on about women?

TRAYNOR: All women have different points of interest. They're all different. I don't generalize. I don't say that red-haired chicks with big boobs turn me on because each person is an individual. You get to know the person and you like them for what they are and what they do.

HUSTLER: What were Linda's points of interest?

TRAYNOR: Well, she was very eager to become something. She was very dedicated to what she was doing. Linda Lovelace wasn't a movie star. I made her a star. Marilyn Chambers is the same way and she would be the first one to admit that. In this business you may have the talent, but unless you have the promotion behind you, and unless you've got somebody who really knows how to direct that talent, you're nowhere. You know there are millions of talented people running around that are never going to get anywhere. I mean that's the whole secret. Linda's ability to follow direction was a big point in her downfall because now the person or the people who are giving her direction aren't directing her right. She's made several mistakes. She denounced pornography and said she was a serious actress who had been hypnotized and forced to do all these films. She ran the spectrum trying to do legitimate things. She busted in a stage play. She has been unable to get a legitimate film. So now she's doing another X-rated film. You know, that's being a bit of a hypocrite. Saying I made her do all those things, and now she's doing another X-rated film and I've got nothing to do with it. So, obviously, all that wasn't true.

HUSTLER: What types of women turn you off?

TRAYNOR: I don't like the dumb blonde type, but getting back to what I do like. . . . I like a woman with intelligence and aggressiveness. Now, I'm not talking about sexual aggressiveness. This is a very hard business. I mean Marilyn Chambers has to be

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Marilyn Chambers 24 hours a day. If you're going to do anything in today's society, you've got to do it all the time, constantly. And it's hard because for every good deal you make, for every one successful thing you do, you run into five or ten unsuccessful things. You've always got people trying to cut you down and critics who cut you up.

HUSTLER: Now, you're aggressive . . . you've got to be to do what you're doing. Does that clash with an aggressive woman?

TRAYNOR: No, because there's an understanding that I lead. Marilyn and I work perfectly together. Linda didn't really appreciate what I was doing because she had never been exposed to the go-make-it-yourself kind of operation. In fact, it was coming too easy for her. Things were there and she had a lot of people who would get her aside and say, "What do you listen to Chuck for? You're the superstar. You could be out doing this and doing that." Well, they didn't know. They were probably sincere in their own way and thought that she was a

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superstar and that she could go out and do those things. Marilyn, on the other hand, went that route by herself and found you simply just keep running into dead ends. You're just going to go so far and that's all.

HUSTLER: Do you mean ambitious rather than aggressive?

TRAYNOR: No, you've got to be aggressive with the audience. Marilyn has to be aggressive when she walks out on stage. We took Marilyn and in a week and a half taught her a total Las Vegas show. Marilyn doesn't do a disguise act. A disguise act is something like Raquel Welch does or like Linda Lovelace would have had to. There's a big elaborate production and a lot of people singing and dancing and smoke bombs going off and lights flashing and you see Raquel Welch. You leave the show and you think that was a really dynamite show, but if you stop and think about it, what did Raquel Welch really do? Is she an accomplished dancer? Is she a good singer? Well, she's not. Marilyn's show isn't like that. Marilyn carries it all by herself.

HUSTLER: Did she know how to dance before she met you?

TRAYNOR: No, but she was an Olympic diver and an accomplished gymnast. She's very agile and very graceful, and learned how to dance in a few weeks.

HUSTLER: Speaking of rhythm, do you masturbate?

TRAYNOR: Do I? Sure, everybody does.

HUSTLER: What do you think about when you masturbate?

TRAYNOR: Marilyn.

HUSTLER: Good answer. You said in an interview once that Linda got off being beaten. Is that true?

TRAYNOR: She was into bondage. When I say beaten, I don't mean physically wrecked. She liked to be stimulated particularly by another chick.

HUSTLER: Exactly what do you mean by that?

TRAYNOR: There's a part in her book, *Inside Linda Lovelace*, that refers to a girl who is initiated into the S and M scene by another chick. In reality, the girl was Linda. Linda said even in her book that she was only a witness. Well, she wasn't a witness, she was a participant.

HUSTLER: What would you consider the raunchiest loop you ever made?

TRAYNOR: The raunchiest loop? I'm not really qualified to say, simply because I don't consider anything raunchy. I think society would probably think my film, "The Foot" was raunchy. I thought it was dynamite.

HUSTLER: Do you have any moral hangups?

TRAYNOR: Well, I'm not a homosexual. But I don't know if it's because of my youthful tutoring against it or just because . . . I don't know. Who determines what or why something turns you on. A psychiatrist probably could tell me why or why not.

HUSTLER: Linda was bisexual wasn't she?

TRAYNOR: Oh yeah. I think most females are. More so than men.

HUSTLER: Why do you think that is?

TRAYNOR: Well, because I think that

women are more creatures of love. If you look back at any of the old paintings and carvings from the Ming Dynasty, you always see a lot of ladies together all in a big pile. The man, however, was always out hunting. I think man's ego forces him to prove that he's a warrior, whereas the female is more a creature of caress and love. It's not uncommon for two girls to hold hands and go to the ladies' room together, but you wouldn't accept two guys holding hands going to the men's room together.

HUSTLER: Do you think that the reason that most men don't engage in homosexuality is an innate one, or that it's such a societal taboo?

TRAYNOR: I don't think it's a societal thing. I think it's an innate thing because for a man to become homosexual, he's really got to become very submissive. I don't speak for other men, but speaking personally, I'm not submissive at all. I'm a Leo. I would never bend to anyone's ways.

HUSTLER: So you've never had any homosexual experiences?

TRAYNOR: No. When I was in the service or a kid, people would come on to you, but . . .

HUSTLER: How old were you when you first got laid?

TRAYNOR: Oh, about 15 or 16. I really don't remember.

HUSTLER: What do your parents think of what you're doing?

TRAYNOR: My mother is a very liberal thinker. She's very aggressive. She really doesn't look like my mother. She has long dark hair and looks too young to be my mother. I have a brother and a step-father. My real father died. They don't disapprove of what I'm doing because they're not church people or anything like that.

HUSTLER: How about Marilyn's parents? Do they approve or disapprove of her life?

TRAYNOR: Well, again, I think they would probably disapprove of "Behind the Green Door," if "Green Door" was as far as she went.

HUSTLER: Have they seen "Behind the Green Door"?

TRAYNOR: I don't know, really. I would assume so, but I don't know. They've never told us either way. And we never asked. It's just one of those things you just don't bring up. At the same time, I know her father approves

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THE PHILOSOPHER

INFLUENCE

I could tell where the lamplighter was by the trail he left behind him.

HARRY LAUDER

joey





She just ain't no regular Joe.

"I'm what you might call a body freak. I really groove on looking at bodies, especially if they're nude. Everything is nicely displayed, though clothes do present a certain amount of mystery and increases the anticipation of exploring it further.

"I'm also a very private person. I like being by myself. When all alone I think about life or anything else I feel is worth thinking out and pondering over. On rare occasions I do like to be with people but only small groups. A group of about ten people is ideal because you can talk with all of them and get to know them, however, anything much larger than that is a crowd."



<http://freemags.cc>

"I'm also very private in my relations with people. I don't like to discuss things, like my activities with people and expect them to do the same. Especially when I'm screwing someone on a regular basis. It's generally my business and no one else's."









"Privacy in the act of screwing is essential too. I like it to be just me and my lover in a very secluded and isolated spot, like the woods, a private swimming pool or behind a closed door. I like to concentrate on what I'm doing in order to get the fullest satisfaction from it."

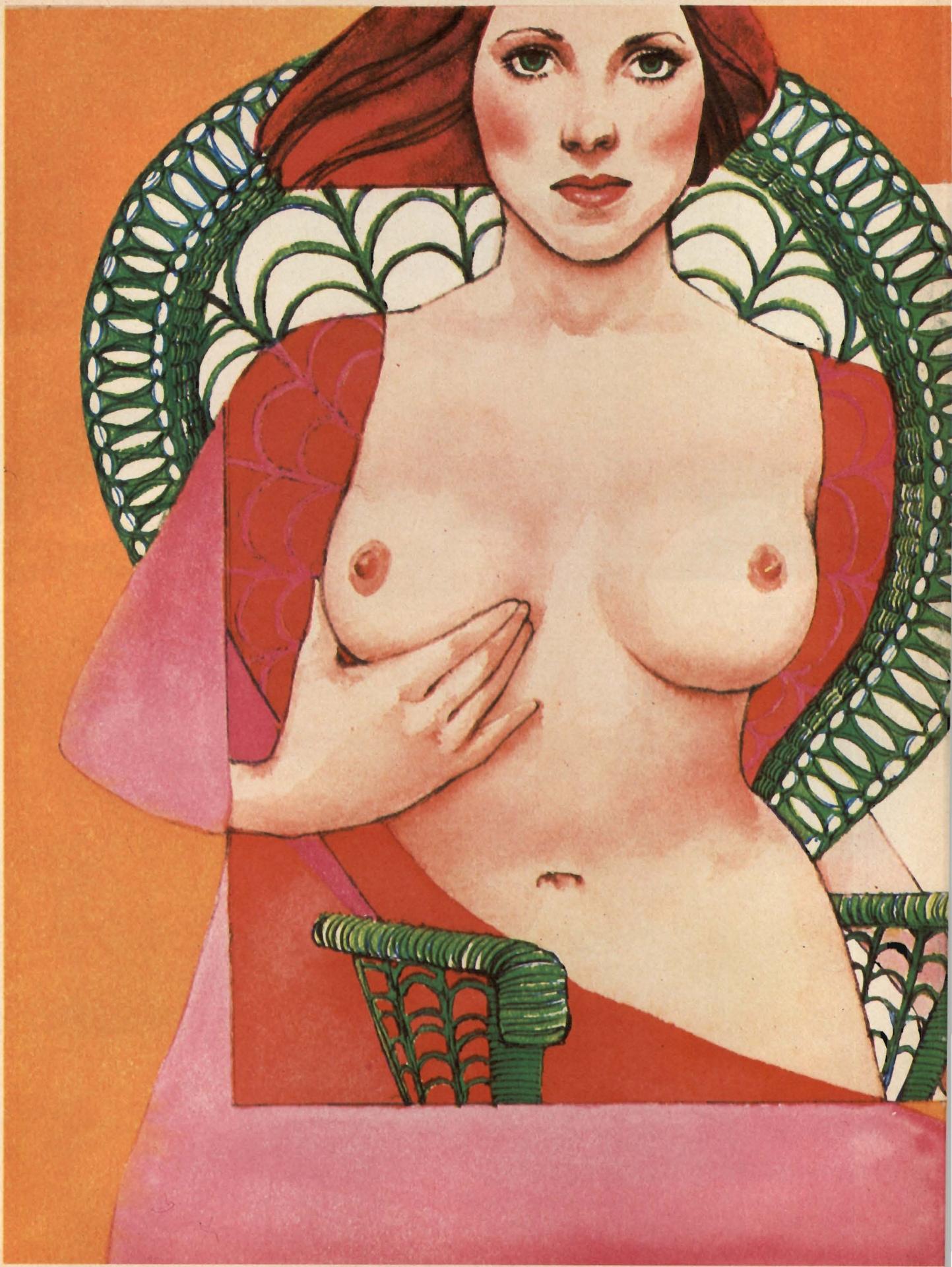


"My very favorite place is in the ocean or a swimming pool at night. I just love to skinny-dip and rub bodies and screw in the water. It's great. And when my partner is deep within me, with every stroke, a great surge of water goes in and out which, strangely enough, really turns me on. Then when we're done, we just lay back and float in the water. There's nothing like it."





*"Glenn, I don't know what's gotten into you, but
tonight you're FANTASTIC!!!"*



From A Green Wicker Chair

by

O. G. Thomas

From the starboard side porthole, Mark Decola watched a pinkish white mist ooze like lava toward him from the direction of Presidio and settle evenly on San Francisco Bay. The last of Friday's commuters, scurrying northward, vanished over Golden Gate, and the sun, wasting away in an explosion of muted reds and golds, caused the bridge to become iridescent orange in fading light. Somewhere in the haze the barely detectable call of an invisible boat made a wistful mooing sound. A wetting breeze filtered through slack lines topside, gently rocking side to side, Mark's three-masted coastal schooner; and tiny wavelets patted against its mahogany gunwhales with delicate splashes. Irregularly, a faint stretching sound broke through the stillness, as salt-water-grayed nylon lines tugged unsuccessfully at brass bow

chocks. In a grassy field just past the main gate of the yacht harbor, a girl with black hair played with a sheep dog named Sasha, and Mark could hear, if he listened carefully, its occasional yipping. The boat creaked once like an old man rising from his rocking chair and from somewhere on the distant side of his mind, Mark began to hear an approaching sound of hard plastic grating against concrete.

Stubbornly he tried to force the intrusion from his thoughts, yet it came faster until he could fight it no longer. Mark eased open his eyes in time to see three neighborhood children race by on Big Wheels; something they had been doing for the past half hour, only casually noticing Mark slumped in a ragged green wicker patio chair; bourbon and ginger slowly dripping from its glass in Mark's forward tipped hand.

With exaggerated effort he hoisted himself from his relaxed position and directed the glass to his lips. Sweet ginger ale and cheap bourbon eased over his tongue and down his throat. It was the sweetness he liked, all the sprizz destroyed by the liquor. "Someone ought to drop a grenade in the middle of them!" he thought, eyeing the kids zoom down a wide tree-lined path past the VonHuff's. "One round would get them all!"

Mark was 31. He was tall, just over 6'2", and was about 15 pounds heavier than he should have been. He had long, stylish, brown hair that curled outward over his collar in back, and dark green eyes that were almond shaped. His face was round, peaked with a sharp nose and he was dark complected. His thin lined lips were void of color, and were stretched tightly over straight white teeth. And he was a dreamer — frequently escaping his realities to a sailing boat moored in some distant harbor, or a campsite pitched near a fishing lake, or a thousand other places where, in his mind, he would be alone.

Mark neither liked nor disliked people in general, but instead had allowed himself to become but an observer of the life which he led. He would participate when it pleased him and retreat when moved to do so, leaving everything and everyone behind for as long as possible.

"He's just a shy person." Susan DeCola would explain, excusing Mark's quietness. "It takes him a long time

"Kenneth was a basket case by the time I got him to bed!"

to get to know people," she would say, knowing that, in truth, Mark inhabited a world of his own and at times even he didn't know or understand himself or his actions.

"Why haven't you changed yet?" Susan calmly addressed Mark from the open doorway. "You know we have people coming over soon for drinks." She knew he wasn't hearing the words, yet she was somehow pleased to know that when he did realize she was speaking, she could justify raising her voice to the point of scolding. It wasn't something she did maliciously, and at times years earlier she had attempted to control the need.

Susan was a slight girl, knowing from age 13 that her breasts would never fill anything more than an A-cup bra. She was exactly five feet in height, and had short black hair that clung close to her head, and dark eyes; an inheritance from Spanish descendants, that complimented her naturally dark complexion. Her teeth were straight, and chalk white, and her nose was tipped slightly upward at the end; completing a carefully madeup face, that after 28 years, still looked young and very sexy.

"Right you are!" Mark answered, surprising Susan that he was listening. "I'll get to it right now." Lifting himself from the chair, he moved past her in the doorway without making contact.

They had met five years before, and had dated nearly every night, making love on every possible occasion. They married after six months on the threat of a possible pregnancy, which later turned out to be false, and had moved to Bedford Terrace. It was a development described in the brochure as a home in the country, only ten short miles from downtown — located in

spacious wooded acres—playground for the youngsters, basketball court, an olympic-sized swimming pool and three tennis courts. They rented a three bedroom townhouse, complete with all the modern necessities, and one of the few with an oversized patio extending from the front door; shaded by a large maple tree and perfect for entertaining.

Mark climbed slowly up the stairs with his head bowed, wishing it weren't Friday, and into their richly decorated master bedroom. His feet crushed silently over thick white shag carpet to the end of a massive king size bed, where he sat for a few moments. Then flopping on his back, he stared intently into the nothingness of a white ceiling above him. Crawling on his back to the head of the bed, he propped himself up on a pillow and reached to the nightstand. He pulled a book to him, and opening it in the center, he pressed it against his face with both hands and closed his eyes.

It was quiet; from somewhere deep in the recesses of his mind an invisible boat made a mournful mooing sound, and a seagull cut effortlessly through still sky over head. The girl with black hair chased after Sasha and someone passed by on weathered boardwalks between boats, making a hollow clunking sound.

Since moving to Bedford Terrace, the DeCola's had hosted a weekly gathering of four couples, including themselves; either on their patio, weather permitting, or in their home. It had begun one warm spring evening shortly after they had taken the home. The group had simply appeared, uninvited, with drink in hand to introduce themselves, and had reappeared each Friday evening thereafter at 6:30. It hadn't occurred to any of them to offer a share of the expenses — they came as always, drank until midnight, and left; only sometimes offering to help clean up.

"Kenneth was a basket case by the time I got him to bed!" Kathy VonHuff exclaimed from the patio beneath the bedroom window. "He and that damned Tony what's-his-name had been playing in the mud again and they had it all over them! They were pitty . . . dirt bags!"

Kathy VonHuff was always first to arrive for the Friday evening reunions, and last to leave. She was tall, slightly continued to page 87



Susan

"I try to take things as easy as possible, but don't think that necessarily makes me a 'lazy Susan' when I find a new situation or position I enjoy," says pretty Hustler hostess Susan. "It's just that I'd rather not get caught up in the hurry-up-and-wait attitude that many people have."

Going ahead on the assumption that "getting there is half the fun" and should be approached in easy stages, Susan is already making plans for forming her adult life.

"I've taken dancing lessons since I was six years old," explained the 18-year-old Columbus maiden, "and have enrolled at Ohio State University to major in dancing. Academically I'm a freshman, but in dancing I'm taking courses available to juniors because of my experience. Between school





years I plan to travel to New York and out West to check out two companies in particular to see about becoming professional."

As far as men are concerned, Susan also has definite ideas.

"The type of man that turns me on is a straight-talker. I like a man who can sit with me at the Hustler Club and look me in the eye as easily as staring at my body. And I like men who are as much a challenge to me as I am to them."

"What I don't like is a lot of bullshit, like a stream of compliments that I haven't earned. And a definite turn off to me is a man who has not kept his body in condition."



From her Amazonian height of five-feet, ten-inches and with an abundance of attractive curves centering around her full tits, waist and creamy thighs, Susan explains that she doesn't like to feel that she could "overpower the man I'm entertaining."





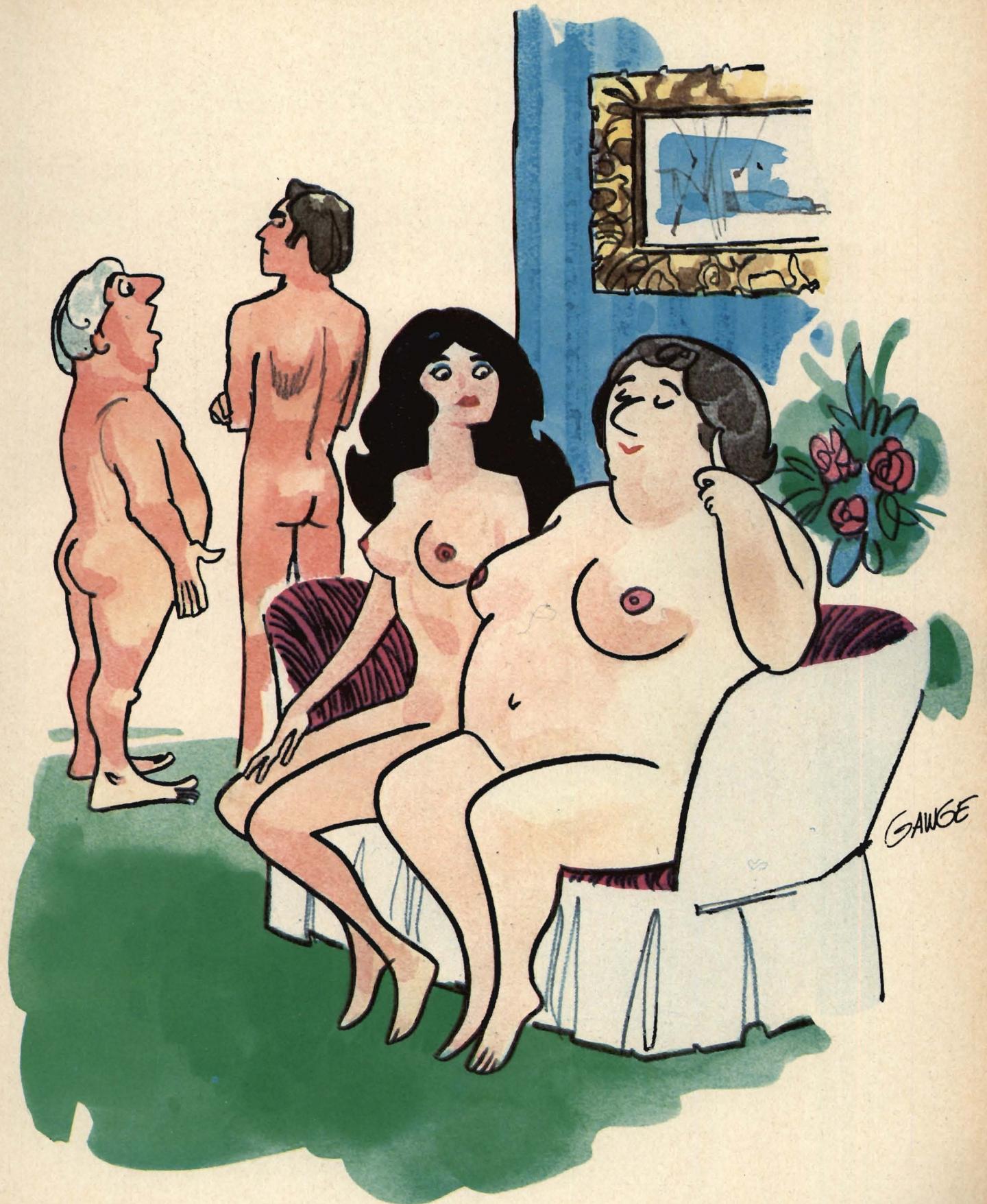




"To me, making love is a lot more than just a physical act. But that doesn't mean that I don't really groove on the feeling of a man filling me up inside. Nothing else, drinking or anything, gives me as much of a mental and physical 'high' as when I have a total personal thing going with a guy. It's a very intense feeling."







"What do ya mean — ya don't want to swap?"

Heart-shaped paper weight of polished stone. \$5.



Delicate glass sangria pitcher with wooden spoon. \$15.

Playing cards with 52 different procreative positions. \$3.50.



Gift Giving G



Compact wooden backgammon set and shakers, easy fold-up for travel. \$50.



All items pictured are advertised nationally and are available at specialty and gift shops as well as some department stores in major cities.



Silver and gold opera glasses and case. \$85.



Nine inch plastic dildo. \$6.50.

Silver fertility pendant well hung
on silver chain. \$31.



adgets



Pleasurable set of Ben-Wa
"balls of love." \$10.

Distinctive zebra-striped direc-
tor's chair. \$22.



Steel tennis racquet with leather grip, increases the power in your game. \$35.

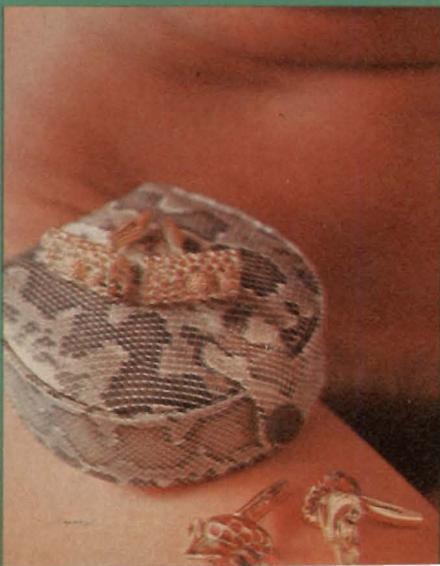
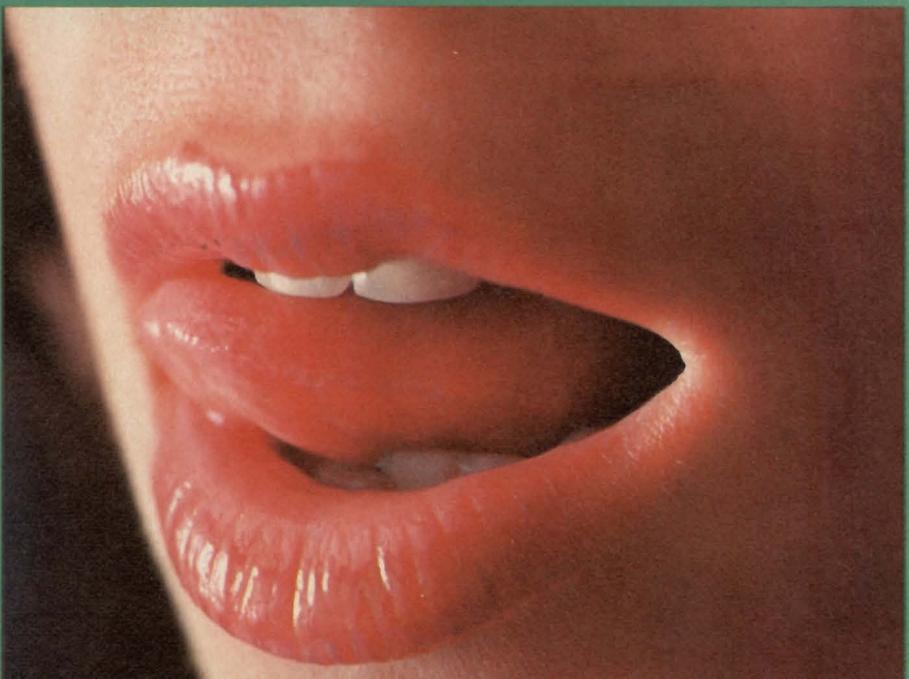
Silver spoon and pewter shot glass with distinctive one-finger handle. \$5.

Leather head covers for the discriminating golfer. \$20.



Gift Giving

Teak wood thermal-lined ice bucket. \$30.



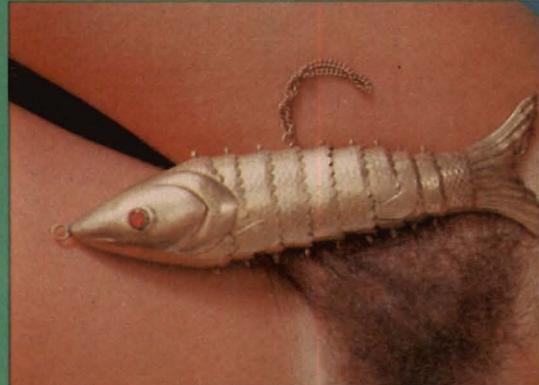
Grained jewelry box. \$25. Gold cuff links. \$50. Tiffany cuff links. \$60.

Assortment of decorator belts in
all sizes. \$10 each.

Turquoise Indian ring. \$75.
Chevron pendant and chain. \$35.
Silver fork bracelet. \$15.

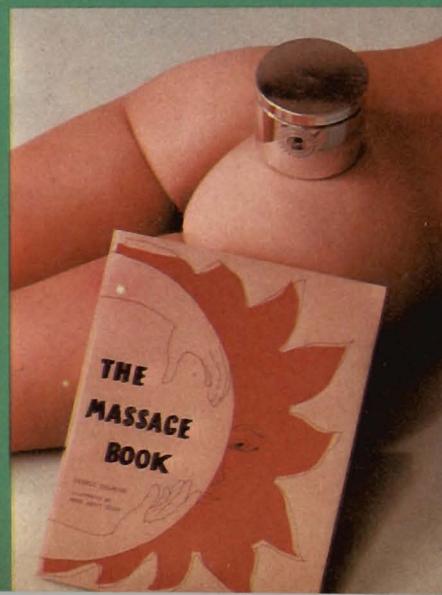


adgets



Golden nautilus necklace and
chain. \$15.

Kama Sutra cream. \$7.50. Mas-
sage book. \$3.95.





Guy: I forget the name of the drink, bartender, but it's long, cold and full of gin.

Bartender: Sir, you're speaking of the woman I love.

Reading his newspaper in an overstuffed chair, the lord of the mansion heard the door open and his teen-age daughter come in. "Daddy, I'm afraid I've lost my virginity" said she.

"Forget it," said he absent-mindedly. "I'll buy you a new one."

A rich playboy told another, "I'm looking for a girl who wants me for my money. I'm tired of turning on the charm."



Hubby: Why don't you want to ball me tonight?
Wife: The doc said I was pregnant and I don't want to take a chance at having twins."

Friend: Why so glum, Joe?

Joe: In the middle of the sexual revolution, I keep winding up with conscientious objectors.

The wife of Noah Webster came into the bedroom and found him with the maid servant in bed. "Noah, I am surprised." "No dear," Webster corrected her. "You are astounded, I am surprised."

hustler • humor

Lover: A guy who's up, at the crack, at dawn.

1st Drunk: Did you know that in California this year they grew 4,000,657 tons of grapes?

2nd Drunk: Drink up, pal. They're gaining on us!

There's a lot more important things than money — but they won't date you unless you have it.

A guy went into a bar and yelled to the hookers at the bar, "I'll give any girl here \$200 if she'll do it my way." One girl immediately volunteered and they went to her apartment to make love. When it was all over the girl said, "What was so different about your way?" The man replied, "My way is that I owe you the money."



Small Town: A place where if you see a girl dining with a man old enough to be her father, he probably is.

Traveling salesman: Any rooms?

Hotel clerk: I could give you a bed if you'll share it with a hairdresser.

Salesman: I know you heard lots of tales about travelling salesmen and all that but it so happens I'm happily married.

Clerk: Well, so is he!

She: That was the dullest party I ever went to. I was bored silly.

Friend: So why didn't you leave?

She: I would have, only I couldn't find my panties.

Then there's the lady of the evening who tried to take money she gave her pimp off her income tax.

Are you into joke telling with no one to listen? Tell 'em to us and make some money at the same time. We pay standard freelance rates. Send all jokes to Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.



"She would have wanted it that way."

K



תְּהִלָּה

by
Ray Puechner

The 1047 stratojet slid below the clouds and moved toward the soft pink dot glowing below. In moments we would land amid the electric pinks, blues, yellows, reds, and greens of that sweet mad exotic Babylon of the West—Las Vegas.

Diane reached for my hand.

"Second thoughts?" I asked.

"No, I don't think so."

"It really isn't too late to change our plans," I said. "We don't really have to spend our vacation time here."

The plane put down, noiselessly, like a cat.

"We've been all over that, Ric," Diane was saying as we started down the aisle. "No one is ever forced to come here. I know that. I want to go through with this. It's just that I'm a little afraid. . . ."

"That's good," interrupted a young man. He was lean and sleek, blonde-haired, perhaps twenty. His smile was seductively casual. "What your wife said," he said to me, "It's perfectly natural to have a degree of fear when coming here for the first time." His thin fingers cut the air. A spark of light glanced from the diamond ring worn on the little finger of his left hand. "Being a little apprehensive adds to the overall excitement experience."

I thought that he was rather young to be here searching for emotional trips. Normally, a person's cravings are directed toward drugs, liquor and sex until the age of forty or fifty. There's no need to visit this scene to stay up.

"Do you come here often?" I asked.

"Now and again," he answered indifferently. "I'm not a player."

As we moved toward the hovercraft, the sleek young man disappeared into the crowd.

"Smart ass kid," I said. To no one. Diane was not listening.

"I hope this works," she said.

"I hope so, too."

We boarded the hovercraft.

This visit was vital to both of us, everything was riding on it — the continuance of our life with each other, our marriage, and perhaps too our love, if it could be rekindled. If we could find the spark here, the right experience, the awakening. If, if . . .

How had the great wide chasm grown between us? Had we drifted in our own selves? Had the pressures of our milieu defeated us? Who knew? Who ever knows?

It happened, that's all one can say. After fifteen years perhaps there had been too much numbing routine, too many placid comfortable days, and the lethargic waste had grown like some organic weed in our hearts, choking them. So? So the good thing we had shared was buried now, dying, and now we needed emotional stimulation. This had worked for others — for some it was a way of life — and perhaps it would work for us.

The hovercraft set down atop the Blue Parrot Hotel.

Out on the roof we looked down at

If we won a Life Space,
we could be granted
permission to have a child.

the city, at the old places — Caesar's Palace, The Mint, The Sahara — and at the new — The Spiral, The Dancing Bear, Heaven.

Down there, in the casinos, one could risk it all.

Diane suggested a walk in the garden, and we strolled through the lush tropical jungle atmosphere of the famous Garden of Earthly Delights. The mechanical parrots cawed in the artificial trees. We noticed a couple making love on a bench and we were shocked. Back home in Paris, Indiana, our uptight conservative home, public sex was not allowed.

We had dinner in the Bamboo Room, watching the tall silver-wigged dark Hellfire Dancers. The mad pace of their gyrations upset Diane. And one knew that the amphetamine derivatives they used literally consumed their tissues, so that when one would collapse and fall, it might mean the end. But that was what the patrons had paid to see. It was not our kind of release. We did not need that. At least not yet.

We headed for the game rooms.

At the entrance we saw *him* again.

As though he had been waiting for us, he stepped across the thick carpet and held out his delicate hand, shook mine, introduced himself. His name was Arlis Hunt. Without asking, he led us inside the casino.

The first room was a large hall, like a schoolroom of the past. People, mostly older women, sat moving counters on cards while watching a large electronic board.

"Skerreeno," said Arlis. "Kind of a Super Keno. The big payoff here is a Life Space. The old ladies are looking to become grandmothers; the couples are eager to become parents."

"Ric, let's play," Diane urged.

If we won a Life Space, we could be granted permission to have a child.

It was a possibility we had not even discussed. One generally obtained Life Spaces, if at all, by inheritance.

"What must one risk?" I asked.

"The risks are minimal," Arlis informed us. "But so are your chances. Forget it." He led us hastily through the room.

I asked him how the casino managed to get Life Spaces to give away and he told me that there are always a few people who remain unattached through their lives, without heirs, that Life Spaces were always available. He did not explain further.

Another room. Soft colored lights and shapely young girls carrying trays of drinks to patrons at the slot machines.

"You want to try your luck here?" asked Arlis. "The machines pay off with whiffs of various blends of tranquilizing gas."

We watched one glassy-eyed middle-aged woman feeding tokens into the machine, tugging its arm, rhythmically, as though she were in a trance. The light atop the machine blinked and her hand pulled the mask to her face and she sucked the fumes. For a few seconds her body sagged and relaxed. She began feeding tokens into the machine once again.

"I've heard that those gases can be addictive," I said.

"Perhaps. If one already has an addictive personality." Arlis looked ahead. "Come, the more enticing action awaits."

In the Jungle Room ahead one could hear the voices of the gamblers rising with excitement, the toneless calls of the croupiers, delicate tinkling sounds of ice in glasses, strange exciting sounds.

Arlis descended the carpeted steps. We followed, eagerly, almost devotedly. Oh, we followed. We were pure innocent beings with our hearts bare and vulnerable stepping giddily into a jungle of unleashed emotion.

Fools. Mad fools.

In retrospect it is easy to condemn our naiveté. Those carelessly simple accidental encounters with Mr. Arlis Hunt were arranged. They had to be. Diane is as much to blame for it as I. Neither did she suspect. She was charmed by the attentions of that cunning man. I followed along, trying to feign indifference. In the end, he scored on us — the two dumb hicks

continued to page 105

If the face of January Honey, Olinka, strikes a familiar chord in your memory, don't think that your imagination is working overtime. You've probably seen her if you're the type of man that enjoys beautiful women and good times.

Olinka





"I've done a lot of traveling and enjoy meeting fun people wherever I go," smiles Olinka, an athletic Czechoslovakian-born free spirit. "I have traveled all around Europe and have been in virtually every state since coming to the United States."

Right now, Olinka uses a New York address as her base of operations in the modeling field and explains that having been in a few movies and studied fashion design and illustration has been a big help.





HUSTLER'S HONEY JANUARY 1975



"I especially enjoy modeling lingerie," she says. "The less I wear, the more I feel free to be ME. When I model for live shows there are always some men in the audience and I enjoy watching their expressions while I walk around nearly naked."

"While their faces register everything from shyness to boldness, their pants always give a true indication of their desires. And if they see that I notice the bulge, I get some interesting offers from their eyes. Of course, I respond likewise."

Olinka feels that sex is definitely a "coming thing" brought on by a new generation. "This generation is much

more advanced in thinking where sex is involved. Marriage is being thought out more now instead of rushing into it as before. Living together before marriage is a good thing and it's gaining wide acceptance. The result is that differences are being worked out ahead of time — and if they can't be worked out then you can split without going through a messy and costly divorce."

The multi-lingual Olinka says that her facility in five languages has helped her get along wherever she goes. "I can express love in many spoken languages, as well as a few others that are unspoken."









Give Her What She Really Wants

by M. F. Mitchell

Few things in life can be as maddening as trying to pick out just the right gift for a woman. You can't just ask her what she wants, that's not how the game is played; if you *really* care, you're supposed to know what she wants.

This year, why not try the up-to-date scientific method and select a gift according to her Sun sign? According to current astrological theory, the date of birth indicates inborn tastes as well as personality.

Here are some gift suggestions, according to the stars:



ARIES (March 21 to April 20) — The pioneering Arian will love any new gadget that comes on the market.

Anything mechanical is popular with this Mars-ruled sign, particularly if made of iron or steel. You might consider an electric manicure set, or an automatic dialer for her phone.

This is one girl who loves the outdoors and sports as much as you do, and tickets to see her favorite team is another possibility. A pair of light-adjusting sun glasses would also suit her life style.

Jewelry: Diamonds.

Clothes: Filmy red crotchless panties will surely set the mood.

Perfume: Chanel No. 19, Courant (Helena Rubinstein), Via Lanvin, You're the Fire Skin Inscents (Yardley).

Records: Elton John, Stevie Wonder, Joan Baez, War, Wagner.

Books: War and Peace (Tolstoy), the current best seller.



TAURUS (April 21 to May 21) — The earthy, Venus-ruled Taurean appreciates the practical gift as well as the luxuries of life. This is one of the easiest signs to shop for. You can appeal to her sense of beauty with flowers, delicate statuary, art prints, or a make-your-own jewelry kit. A selection of gourmet delicacies or exotic liqueurs would entice this food-loving girl.

Jewelry: Emeralds, copper.

Clothes: A delicate green bra with cut-outs for equally delicate nipples.

Perfume: Aphrodisia (Fabergé), Emeraude (Coty), L'Air du Temps (Nina Ricci), Sweet Earth fragrances (Coty).

Records: Paul McCartney, Dionne Warwick, Seals & Crofts, Bee Gees, Rare Earth, Brahms.

Books: The latest "Gothic" romance, an up-to-date cookbook.



GEMINI (May 22 to June 21) — This witty, intelligent girl loves puzzles and mental games. Stationery would be another good choice, as this is a writing sign.

Geminis often travel, and a new piece of luggage would probably be appreciated. Other possibilities include a foreign currency converter, a compact chess and checkers set, or a prepaid course in the language of her choice.

Since she often doesn't finish what she starts, a set of decorative storage boxes will give her someplace to keep her uncompleted projects.

Jewelry: Pearls.

Clothes: Anything blue, preferably transparent, that clings lovingly to her body.

Perfume: Audace (Rochas), Green Apple (Max Factor), Ma Griffe (Carvin), Wind Song (Prince Matchabelli).

Records: Barbra Streisand, Rod Stewart, Procul Harum, Traffic, Cheech & Chong, Aaron Copland.

Books: The complete collection of Ian Fleming's James Bond books.



CANCER (June 22 to July 23) — Unlike traveling Geminis, Moon children love their homes above all else. Charm her with a beanbag chair for the living room, a framed portrait of you to decorate her dresser or a backrest or pillow for the long tub baths she adores.

Cancerians entertain often, so hostess accessories would be appropriate. In line with their affinity for the metal, you might get her a silver coffee service.

Jewelry: Rubies, silver.

Clothes: A silver lamé hostess gown.

Perfume: Givenchy III, Miss Dior, Moon Drops (Revlon), Vanilla Bean Perfume Oil (Max Factor).

Records: Rick Nelson, Joni Mitchell, George Harrison, the Lettermen, America, score of "Carousel".

Books: Subscription to a home decorating magazine.



LEO (July 24 to Aug. 23) — Proud, regal, vain, dramatic — all these describe the lioness. Give her a lighted makeup mirror, jeweled combs for her mane of hair, or an original artistic photograph.

To satisfy her urge to be a star, give her an automatic camera, with a self-timer so she can get in the picture too.

Tickets to a hit show, or a special concert, would be welcomed.

Jewelry: Gold, star rubies.

Clothes: Fake furs, an orange bikini.

Perfume: Ciara (Revlon), Joy (Jean Patou), Tigress (Fabergé), VSP (Jovan).

Records: Alice Cooper, Janis Joplin, Black Sabbath, Deep Purple, Lenny Bruce, Stravinsky.

Books: Atlas Shrugged (Ayn Rand), Psychocybernetics (Maltz).



LIBRA (Sept. 24 to Oct. 23) — The charming Libran likes her home to be comfortable and "pretty". You can give her a lace tablecloth, a set of candle holders and tall candles for dinner *à deux*, or decorative coasters for her frequent guests to use.

The artistic side of Libra should be encouraged with a set of paints, a do-it-yourself poster complete with colored pens, or a course of music lessons in her favorite instrument.

Jewelry: Opals.

Clothes: Lacy lingerie in pastel shades.

Perfume: Amour Amour (Jean Patou), Fleurs de Rocaille (Caron), Oh de London (Yardley), Weil de Weil (House of Weil).

Records: Carly Simon, Johnny Nash, Neil Diamond, Three Dog Night, Jethro Tull, Chopin.

Books: Anything by Helen MacInnes, Victoria Holt, or Phyllis Whitney, Kingdom Come (Gwen Davis).



VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23) — Virgos are neat, precise, modest, and very health-conscious. You might give her some non-stick cookware, or a gift certificate from a health food store.

This super-organized girl is sure to have use for a datebook. Get her one that's purse-sized, or give her a new purse that's big enough to carry all of her paraphernalia.

Jewelry: Cameos, sapphires.

Clothes: A high-necked, ruffled blouse.

Perfume: Chantilly (Houbigant), Mountain Greenery Perfume Oil (Max Factor), Straw Hat (Fabergé).

Records: Bette Midler, Art Garfunkel, John Lennon, Cat Stevens, Chicago, Broadway musicals.

Books: Organic gardening how-tos, historical novels.



SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 21) — Scorpions are intense, passionate, and determined. Give her a set of black satin sheets for her waterbed, bath oils with a scent of musk, or a diary that locks.

Please her sybaritic nature with a certificate for a facial and massage at a top beauty salon.

One of the ancient symbols for this sign was the eagle, so you might choose something for her home with this motif.

Jewelry: Topaz.

Clothes: Anything scarlet and super-foxy.

Perfume: Black Narcissus (Caron), Maja (Myrrurgia), My Sin (Lanvin), Tabu (Dana).

Records: Edgar Winter, Gladys Knight and the Pips, Rolling Stones, Eagles, Lou Reed, soundtrack of "The Godfather".

Books: Anything by Jacqueline Susann or Henry Miller.

THE PHILOSOPHER

JOY

Real joy comes not from ease or riches or from the praise of men, but from doing something worthwhile.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 21) — The archers are frank, open, funloving, and outdoorsy. Give her some sports equipment—a set of water skis, or a personalized tennis racket. She would probably enjoy a recorded language course (just be sure it's not a tongue she already knows).

Sagittarians love all animals, and you might select a pet to suit her style of living — anything from a goldfish to an ocelot or a Great Dane.

Jewelry: Turquoise.

Clothes: Embroidered blue jeans and matching jacket.

Perfume: Fidji (Laroche), Tweed (Lenthaleric), Wild Lemon (Revlon), Woodhue (Fabergé).

Records: John Denver, Olivia Newton-John, Merle Haggard, Yes, J. Geils Band, score of "Jesus Christ Superstar".

Books: Chariots of the Gods (von Daniken), subscription to a travel magazine.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20) — These are the born conservatives of the zodiac. Combine the old with the new, and give her an electric ice cream maker, automatic juice squeezer, or electric bean pot.

If she collects antiques like many Capricorns, your gift-giving problem is solved. She probably prefers Early American over foreign pieces, unless her interest ranges far back to Egyptology or pre-Columbian artifacts.

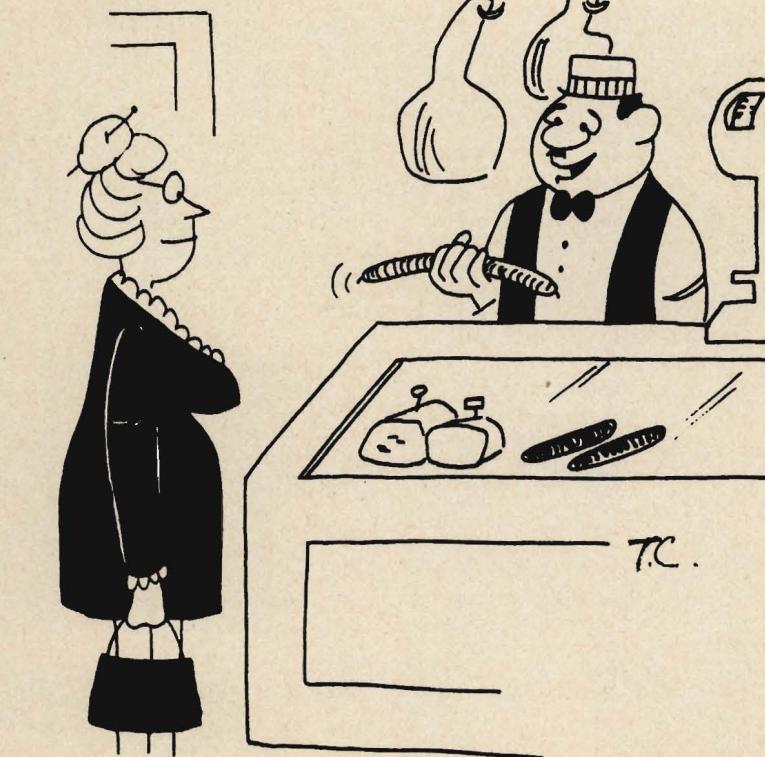
Jewelry: Garnets, jet.

Clothes: Black leather studded jumpsuit and accompanying whip.

Perfume: Chanel No. 5, Gardenia (Tuvaché), Je Reviens (Worth).

Records: Cher, Ringo Starr, Wayne Newton, Pointer Sisters, Carpenters, nostalgia or "oldies but goodies", Beethoven.

Books: Anything by Daphne du Maurier or Pearl Buck.



"Sure it's kosher sausage . . . can't you see the circumcision scar?"



AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19) — Aquarians are the intellects of the zodiac — always original, unconventional, and independent. The latest quadraphonic sound equipment, lights with built-in sound sensors, pop art, or a computerized personal horoscope would all be appropriate.

Any electric gadget will fascinate her — a high speed blender will help whip up the meals she grabs on the run, a cassette tape recorder will go everywhere with her, a telephone answering device will assist with her hectic social life, a steam hair curler will change her hair style in moments.

Jewelry: Amethysts, white gold.

Clothes: Something in electric blue like a waspie and bra set.

Perfume: Aquarius (Max Factor), Cachet (Prince Matchabelli), Charlie (Revlon), Vivre (Molyneux).

Records: David Bowie, Chi Coltrane, Led Zeppelin, Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Pink Floyd, score of "Hair".

Books: The Complete Astrologer (Derek and Julia Parker), Stranger in a Strange Land (Heinlein).



PISCES (Feb. 20 to March 20) — Sensitive, intuitive, and moody are the keywords to the Piscean. Give her tickets to the ballet or the opera.

While she dislikes strenuous sports, she may enjoy figure skating. If so, you can supply a new pair of skates.

The Piscean is just the opposite of organized, orderly Virgo. Give her an AM-FM clock radio, so that she can wake on time to the music she loves.

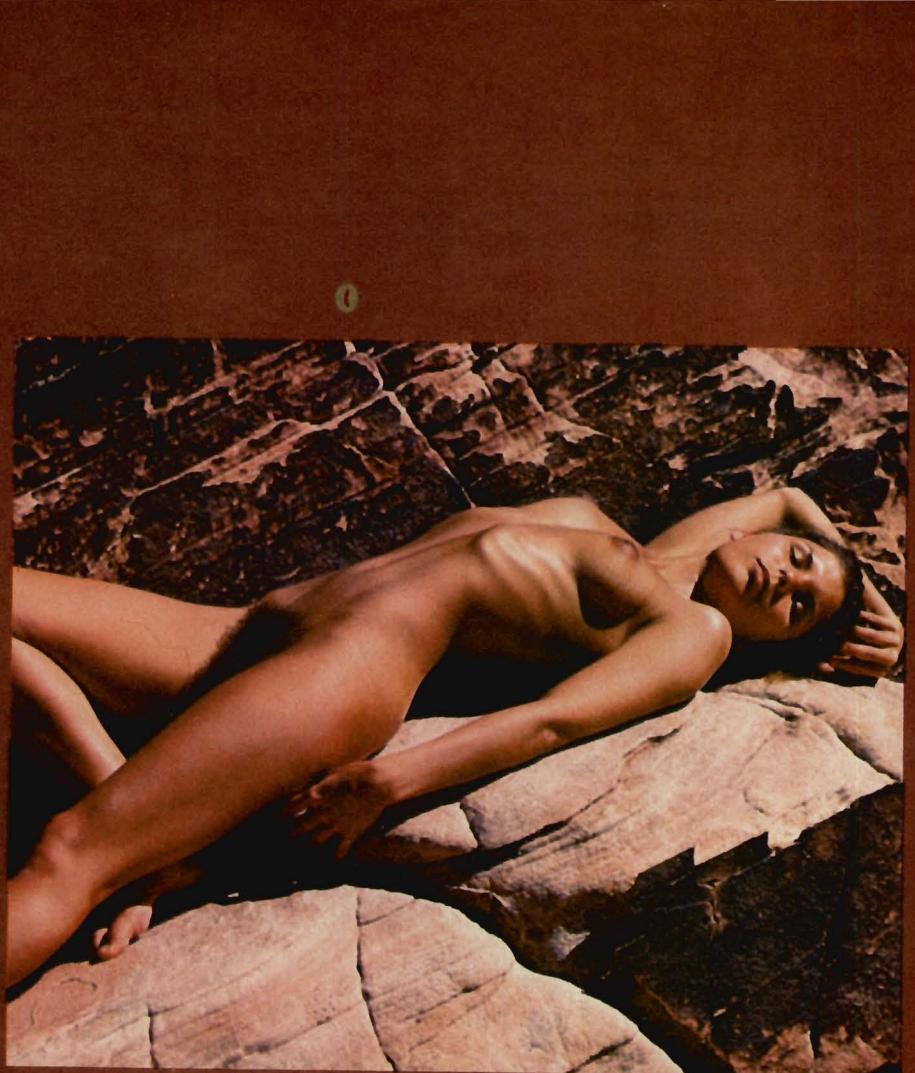
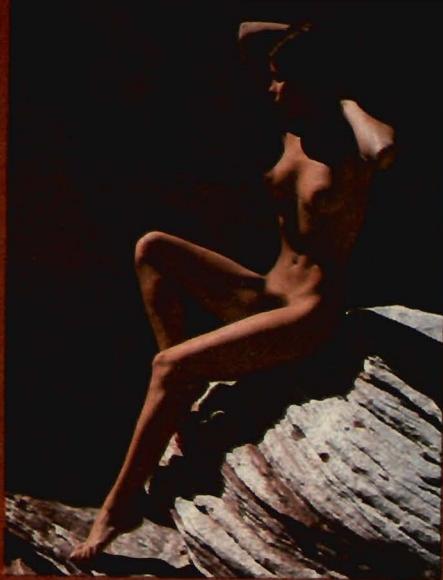
Jewelry: Aquamarines.

Clothes: Wet-look fabrics or sea green jersey body shirt.

Perfume: Caleche (Hermès), Intimate (Revlon), Vivara (Emilio Pucci), Xanadu (Fabergé).

Records: Carole King, Paul Simon, Moody Blues, Bob Dylan, Beach Boys, Rachmaninoff.

Books: A collection of poetry, complete works of Shakespeare.



The original and true spirit of the American Indian was essentially a feeling for living and living the right way in relation to all of the surrounding forces. Indians are more than bright feathers, painted faces and war dances. They are a people sensitive to the world around them, intent on the right use of things and belonging to this world.

KMU





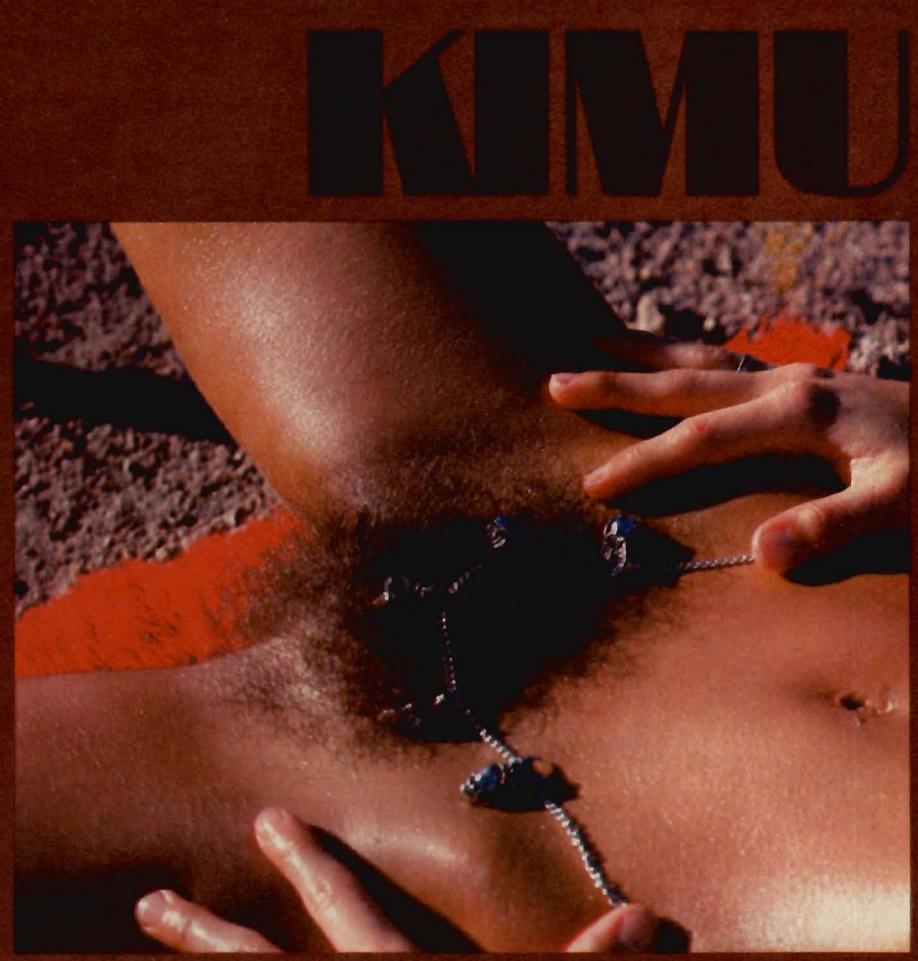
KIMU



"Our philosophy is one of accepting birth and death and all events in between as the normal rhythm of life, the natural process and change of time. All life events should be accepted naturally, no other way."

"The belief of my people is basically one of living with nature instead of fighting it or altering it to one's needs or desires. One specific life goal is to achieve a unification with nature, to become a part of it. In the fulfillment of this goal, complete and total peace is one's reward."





"Sexually, I am very free and easy-going. I dig the outdoors and feel more comfortable there than in any type of artificial setting. I don't feel inhibited about anything, which lets me fully enjoy everything there is about sex — from gentle touching and caressing to the most intimate kissing and penetrating. In the sensual communion of intercourse,

"I also feel that all parts of the body require attention and react well to proper stimulation, whether it be the tight kissing of the feet, the soft tonguing of the base of the spine or titillating the area between the shoulder blades. Sometimes people concentrate too heavily on the penis, vagina and nipples; when there is an entire world of sensuality to discover, if they would only take the time."



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Death On The Installment Plan

by
Mark Nelson

It's the end of the month. The rent is due and you're short of cash. Payday is a week away and you are overextended at the bank. Where are you going to get the money?

The boys at the office are broke, too. Your deadbeat brother-in-law still owes you fifty bucks from five years ago. Then you remember the well dressed man you met in the bar after work one night. You had seen him around a few times and he bought you a couple of drinks. His words echo in your mind. "Listen, buddy, if you ever need a few dollars, just call Al."

The napkin is rumpled and the phone number is smeary but you are able to read it. You make the call and Al agrees to lend you \$500. Your problems are solved.

Wrong. Your problems are just starting because Al is a loanshark. He makes his living off people just like you. He is a professional and that is going to be the most expensive \$500 you have ever seen.

The New York State Commission of Investigation began hearings on loansharking in 1964 with these words, "Law enforcement officials have long recognized that one of the most lucrative operations in the criminal world is the loanshark racket. Together with gambling operations, labor racketeering, and trafficking in narcotics, loansharking has engaged the major efforts of law enforcement in the battle against organized crime."

However, there is relatively little public knowledge about loansharking which is not new to this country. Around the turn of the century, the organized crime leaders in the U.S. looked down on illegal money lenders. They were more concerned with bootlegging and protection rackets. After the repeal of Prohibition

laws, crime syndicates found themselves with large sums of money at their disposal and they began searching for new enterprises for illicit profit. Gambling, vice and narcotics produced large sums of money and loansharking became recognized as a legitimate moneymaking operation.

By the end of the 1930's, virtually all major organized crime syndicates were involved in loansharking. The business was not affected by government regulations that controlled legal lending institutions, nor were the syndicates bothered by proper practices, procedures and ethics.

Loansharks are members of organized crime families. The business they perform and the service they offer relates directly to the whole of organized crime, and that affects everyone in this country.

Loansharks are not small time gangsters. Ralph Salerno of the New York City Bureau of Criminal Investigation says, "No self-respecting loanshark would ever want to admit, even to his best friend, that he has loaned less than \$100."

The loanshark is highly respected by his fellow mobsters. He is important to the organization and the rest of the gangs know it. A witness before the New York Commission said, "The Gallo gang (one of the largest in New York City) for example . . . I know that this very same group which challenged the criminal empire, still very diligently paid the shylocks. Certainly not out of fear, but this is the status that it has achieved in their circles. You borrow money, you pay it back. They weren't afraid of the shylock. But they didn't know when they might need him again."

The loanshark makes his money from interest on the loans he makes.





The interest is astronomically high and it is pure profit. The term for it is "vigorous" or "vig." The word is derived from "vicarage" which refers to the contributions given the vicar by his congregation.

The interest rates on all loans are not the same. The rates vary from 1 to 50 per cent a week according to the relationship between the lender and the borrower, the intended use of the money, the size of the loan and repayment potential. The classic \$6 for \$5 loan, 20 percent a week, is common with small borrowers. For every \$5 borrowed, \$6 must be paid back. The \$500 you borrow from Al will eventually cost you \$600. The loan may be due by a certain hour on a certain day and even a minute's default might result in a rise in the interest rates. On a high risk loan the lender might demand 100 percent interest.

Joe Valachi, former mobster turned informer before he died, ran his own loansharking operation. In *The Valachi Papers* by Peter Maas, Valachi said, "The loans went for 20 percent interest. You loan out \$1,000 and the guy is supposed to pay back \$100 a week for 12 weeks."

Valachi took profits from his numbers rackets and used them to get into loansharking. "How did I start?" he asks. "Well, you make one or two loans, and everybody wants a loan. Jesus, if you gave to everybody who wanted money, you'd have to be the Bank of Rome. The word got around in the neighborhood. I am known in the Bronx, where I live, and I am known in Harlem because of the numbers, so that's where I dealt. Naturally you give to the ones you feel are more solid."

Sometimes shylocks themselves borrow money. Valachi said, ". . . I'm stuck, I don't have enough cash, and I go to a shylock myself. He would charge me 10 percent, while I'm charging my people 20 percent, because he knows it is a solid loan. He knows he is going to get his money back from me. He ain't taking a risk."

The loansharking racket is definitely big business. Because profits from organized crime are unreported and untaxed, there can be no precise figure on the money involved in illegal lending. The estimates are staggering. The President's Commission on Organized Crime (1967) reported that the

Where can you find a loanshark?

business is in the multi-billion dollar range and has been estimated to be as high as \$350,000,000 a year. Joe Valachi usually had \$10,000 out on the street which brought in an average of \$1,500 a week. He once had a partner and they had \$60,000 out in circulation at one time.

If you still doubt the magnitude of the loansharking business, consider this exchange before the New York Commission. An unidentified witness said, "From reliable information we know that in approximately 1959 and 1960, there was made available by the leader to his chief subordinate approximately a half a million dollars, \$500,000. Again from reliable information, we know that the \$500,000 has been pyramided to seven and a half million dollars."

"Seven and a half million dollars?" asked a commission member.
"Yes."

"Here in New York County there are at least ten men who are comparable. A loanshark we know lent one million dollars in the morning and one million dollars in the afternoon."

Loansharking is only a small part of an even bigger business — organized crime. Peter Maas wrote, "The drain on the national economy is so enormous that if La Cosa Nostra's illegal profits were reported, the country could meet its present tax obligation with a 10 percent reduction instead of a 10 percent surcharge increase."

Organized crime finds loansharking attractive for several reasons. There is the potential for great profit. Loansharking is an open avenue to legitimate business. There is an absence of effective laws against loansharking. But who is it that borrows from the loanshark? The clientele is varied. The only common denominator is that the person needs cash immediately.

One informant told the government commission that the clients are "ordinary people, seasonal workers and small businessmen all in need of quick cash." Gamblers borrow money to pay losses, narcotics users borrow to purchase heroin and small businessmen borrow when legitimate credit channels are closed.

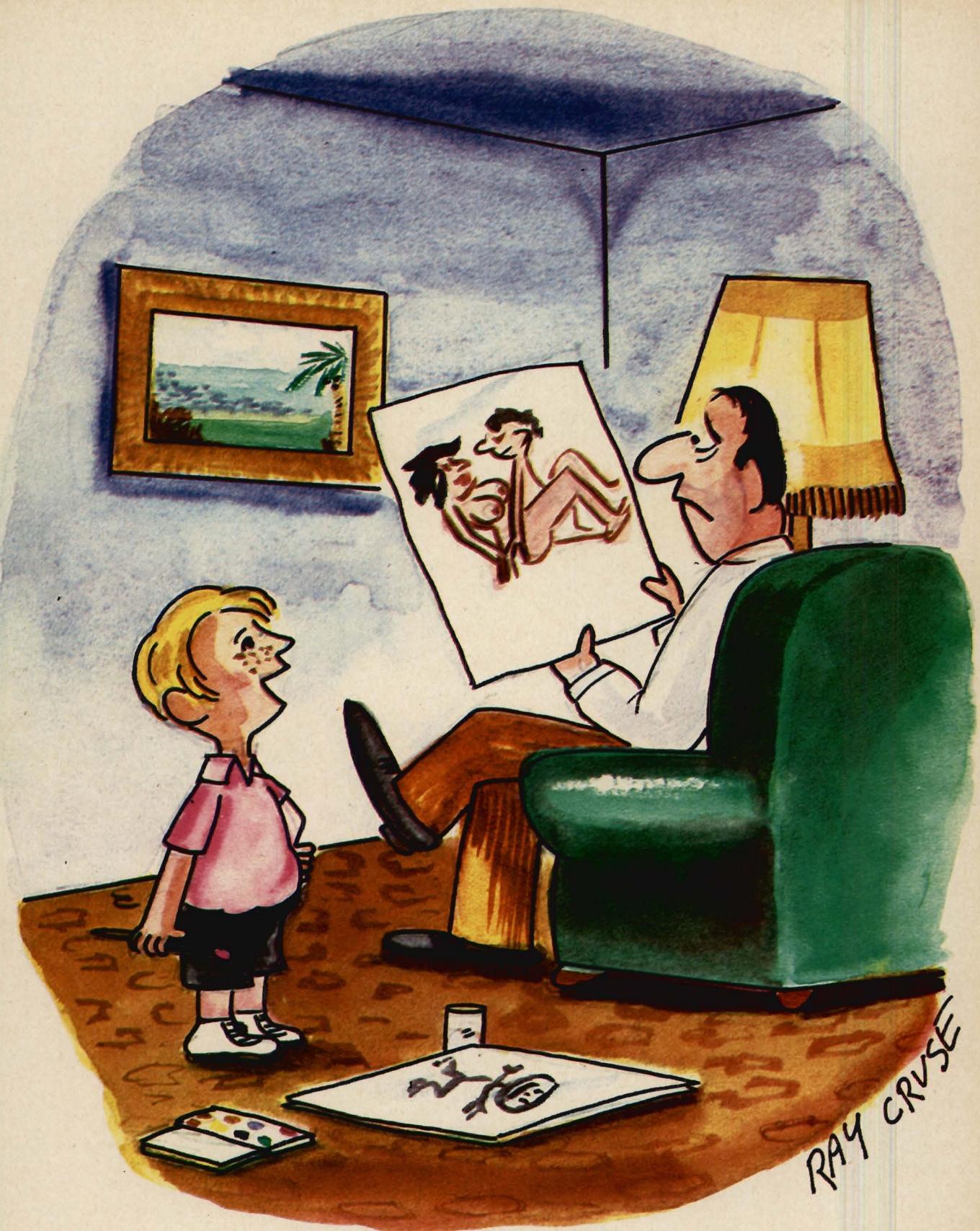
The poor are the most likely group outside the underworld to borrow from loansharks. Although David Caplovitz, author of *The Poor Pay More*, is not referring to loansharking, his statement explains the actions of the poor who borrow. "People with small incomes lack not only the ready cash for consuming major durables, but they are also poorly qualified for that growing substitute for available cash — credit. Their low income, their low savings, their job insecurity, all contribute to their being poor credit risks. Moreover, many low-income families in New York City are fairly recent immigrants from the South or Puerto Rico, and so do not have other requisites of good credit requirements, such as long-term residence at the same address and friends, who meet the credit requirements, that are willing to vouch for them."

Where can you find a loanshark? Almost anywhere. They have "steerers" who set them up with clients. The steerer is usually not in the syndicate, but he knows who lends money and refers would-be borrowers to them. The most likely steerers are doormen, elevator operators, bartenders, hat check girls and cab drivers. They usually receive a small fee for their service.

Suppose you borrow \$500 from Al to pay the rent and you cannot repay the loan on time. What happens? Violence, the threat of violence or worse. The first thing that happens to the borrower when he misses a payment is that the amount of the loan is increased. A man borrowed \$6,000. He made three payments, but then missed two. This caused the loanshark to decide that the original \$6,000 would be upped to \$12,000, doubling the vigorish. The borrower could not even begin to pay this amount and the loanshark raised the debt to \$17,000 and soon after to \$25,000.

Borrowers who don't pay live in fear. Wives get cursed and are subjected to abuse and humiliating and

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"IT'S YOU AND THE LADY NEXT DOOR, I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO BUY IT
BEFORE I SHOWED IT TO MOM."



Anne
Of A
Thousand
Knights









anne

— Nights are lusciously long when you're with Anne, but to be with Anne a knight must be lusciously long.

— Queen of her own castle, she has inhabited it in both spirit and human form for hundreds of years.

— "While lying in my big Victorian bed, memories of many knights come flooding thru my mind and stimulate my body."

— Lovers of bygone centuries can still reawaken the entities that were once so much a part of her.

— "The knights of King Arthur's court periodically needed a place to rest during their travels. They rested here — with me — under my canopy."

— "So many years of love making has not made me tired/worn me out, it has only made me long for another knight."





"I'm a great lover, if I do say so myself."

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over 5'7", had brown medium length hair and was tanned from hours on the tennis courts. She had brown eyes that would never look anyone straight in the face; long smooth legs, and breasts that were firm, not large but were inviting. She was braless under a tight red knit pullover. Her bottom was packaged for display in blue, at least one size too small slacks, and her face, beginning to hint of its thirty years of existence, was sharp featured and without make-up. She had given life to Kenneth four years past and had openly regretted that day ever since.

Mark lowered the book from his face and held it open with both hands at his chest. He curiously examined his reflection in the wall mirror opposite the bed for a full ten minutes, then unable to identify the person, he heaved himself up and began changing his clothes.

Outside, Susan and Kathy were huddled in chairs near the maple, their hands flagging through the air, both talking at the same time.

"Hi lady." Mark greeted Kathy, ap-

From A Green Wicker Chair

"Did you see what she was wearing yesterday?"

pearing from inside. "How's things?" he continued, ignoring Susan, hoping she wouldn't start on him about drinking too much.

"Now Mark, I want you to promise you won't drink too much tonight." Susan began. "You remember that talk we had and you promised you wouldn't . . ."

"Alright." Mark interrupted calmly. He couldn't understand why she had to say things like that around other people.

"Where's Eric?" he questioned Kathy. Susan began quoting the exact

words of his promise not to drink too much.

"He'll be down soon." Kathy answered, interrupting the words of Mark's promise. "He got home late and wanted to check the stock pages. Did you buy any of that stock he told . . ."

"No." Mark cut in, not wanting to hear about Eric's stock.

"...you about?"

"Did you see what she was wearing yesterday?" Kathy quizzed, turning to Susan, eager to continue their assault on someone not present. "And those rhinestone earrings . . . why, I've never in my life . . ." she gasped, putting emphasis on "never" and "life."

"Geeeees-us Christ!" Mark thought to himself. "You're really some hot shit, aren't you old girl?" He speared a wedge of cheese from a neatly arranged tray between the two, and moved to a chair on the far side of the patio. Their voices melted into stillness, and as he closed his eyes, a night six months earlier began to drift across his mind's eye.

He and Kathy sat on the VonHuff's patio drinking Gallo Chablis Blanc



over ice and talking of small unimportant things. As if by design, Susan was away with her parents visiting relatives, and Eric was in Florida on business. As the level of wine reached the half-way point in its bottle, Kathy became noticeably fitful; twitching her butt in her chair. Without offering a reason, she excused herself and walked inside, returning in seconds; her blouse unbuttoned from the top. She pulled her chair closer to Mark's and with both hands parted the opening without the slightest hesitation. In faint bluish light from a half moon, Mark could see the curve of her breast, hanging free, tan in an even tone from her face down her neck and across the upper part of her chest; then suddenly stark white at mid-point to the ends where her nipples stood erect.

She sat without moving for a few seconds, then with one hand she leisurely released the remaining buttons, and forcing her chest forward, peeled off the blouse and dropped it into Mark's lap. Settling back in her chair, she lightly roamed her finger tips up and down her bare front, stopping now and then to further intoxicate the ends of her breast. With one quick motion of her hands she unbuttoned her shorts and slid them over her legs; and standing in bikini panties, she tossed the shorts to Mark and walked inside.

He slowly folded the clothes in his hands and followed. Inside he dropped the bundle in the hallway and walked to the living room where Kathy stood, intently staring out the window as though looking at someone.

Without speaking, she turned to him, and teasingly lifting one foot at a time, she removed the panties. She pressed her body against his and forced her hands between them and began stroking the area between his thighs. Expertly her hands made his trousers loose and pushed them to the floor. She moved rapidly up the front of his shirt with her hands, pushing buttons from their holes and sliding the cloth over his shoulders. Taking him by the hand, she lowered them both to the carpet, then she moved to one side of him and began tracing the entire length of his body with her hands; pausing at his crotch to round her palm around his erection, and move the skin up and down. She leaned over his waist, and through the

She leaned over his waist,
and through the circle
of her mouth she took in his
swollen part.

circle of her mouth, she took in his swollen part. Her head moved up and down, finding room for all of him within her. Her leg crossed over his head and allowing her hips to drop slowly to his face, she positioned her wetness over his lips. She pushed her bottom down to meet his probing tongue and she moaned as flooding excitement began to swell within her.

Then standing, she straddled his waist and tilted her head to the ceiling, a small smile etched across her face. She pushed in circles at her breast with one hand, the other sliding over her lower hair, allowing one finger to sink deep inside. Then bending at the knees, she slowly lowered herself to Mark, all the while continuing her pleasure making, and finding his part held vertical she let him part her slippery lips. She eased down, holding her breath, stopping with each inch, relishing the penetration. Fully seated frog style, she moved her hips forward then back, setting things perfect, and began pumping up and down; slowly at first then after reaching each level of excitement, faster. Her head jerked back and she pumped still faster, reaching the top of her path, then pushing down; her breast slapping against her chest, a strained huffing sound coming from her throat, and climaxed in a violent quiver of her body. And since then they had met downtown once a week, and repeated the act.

"Mark, old buddy . . ." Eric VonHuff shouted from ten feet away, breaking unwelcomed into Mark's thoughts. "AT&T's gone down another three points. If it doesn't move up soon, I'm going to sell mine and buy some mutual bonds," he continued in his usual too loud voice, now on the patio and fixing himself a gin and tonic.

Eric VonHuff had never owned a

share of stock in his life. He was, obvious to everyone, a compulsive liar; very much afraid of the truth and sought without tact, to be everyone's "good buddy."

He was the same height as Mark, with sandy unkept blond hair, and a dark full moustache, that covered a thick upper lip. His blue eyes were shielded by thick glasses bound in heavy black frames and his nose was large and seemed out of place, slightly off center on his blemished face. He wore a white shirt — the one he had worn to the office that day; buttoned tie-less at the top, the sleeves rolled to the elbows and a pair of new, never washed levis; the imitation leather patch still sewn to the back — cotton socks, which were white, and black loafers with a dime in the proper place. His trousers were cuffed twice, and a swishing sound came from his instep as new denim material brushed against itself with each scuffing stride.

Eric was a virgin when he met Kathy five years before. He was on a flight from London to New York. Kathy had abbreviated her college studies after only six weeks, and with a foreign language mastered in high school, had been accepted as an airline stewardess crewing overseas flights.

The night run from Munich and London to New York was only half filled the night they met, and Kathy was bored, having nothing to do. Shortly after take-off from London, she introduced herself to Eric, hoping to fill the flight's last leg with something more than coffee and polite smiles. One hour out of New York, she was servicing Eric in an aft restroom in which she had neglected to secure the door, when they were both spilled nude to the floor by a seventy-six year old widow with a failing heart in search of a place to relieve herself.

Kathy was dismissed from the company for "conduct unbefitting . . .". Eric, accepting the blame for her loss, traded six weeks of financial support for nights of on-the-job training to correct his celibacy; at the end of which he was informed by his instructor that they were expecting a child, and they married; having never once mentioned the word "love."

"Where's Whale?" Eric questioned no one in particular. "And Tits Galore . . ." he added, exaggerating with both hands the size of Dianna Finch's

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SMOOTH AS BRANDY



Dark flowing hair, fiery eyes, Brandy's flame craves to be extinguished by any man who can.

Flushed with excitement, radiating the longing within her, she is your sex kitten,



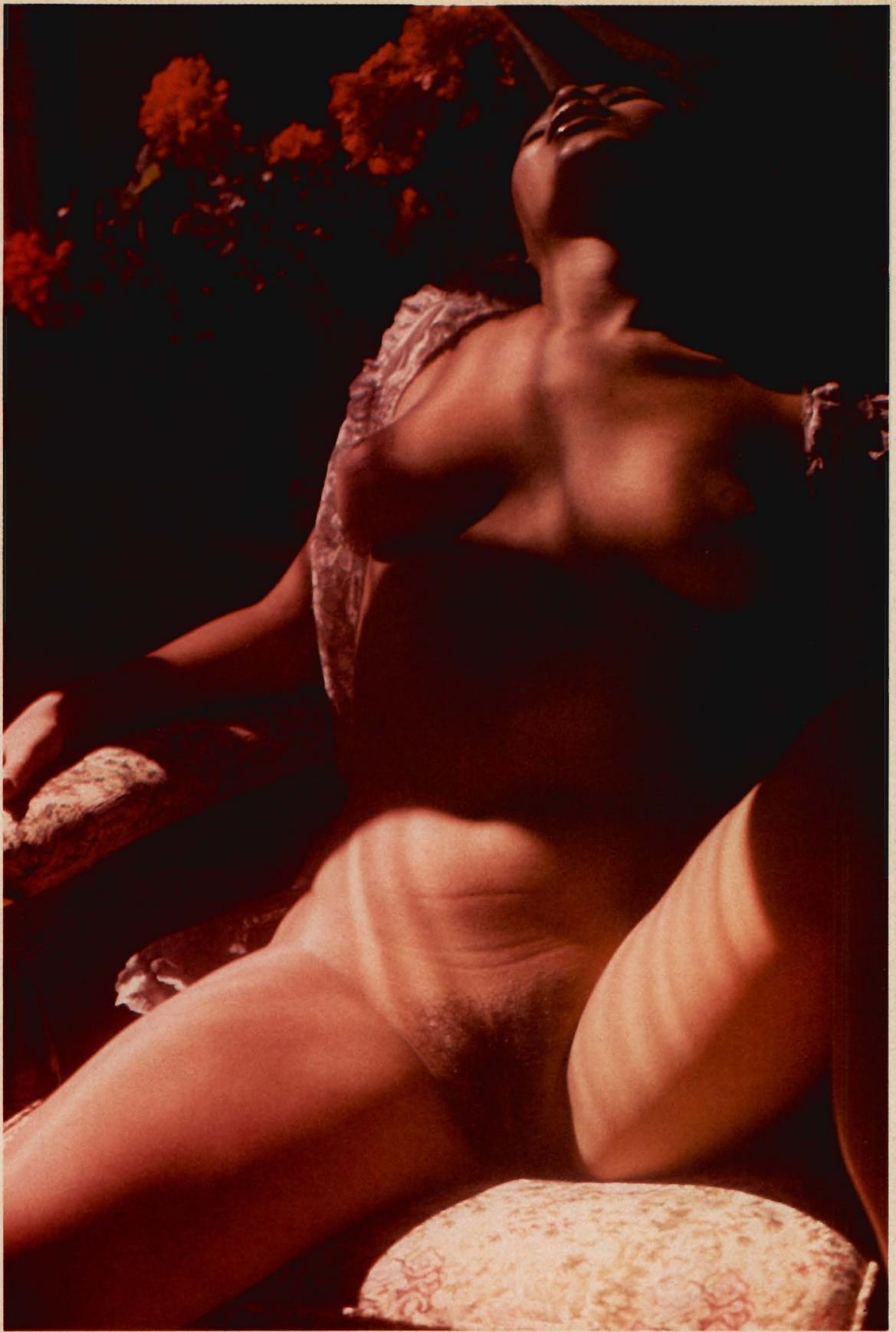
SMOOTH AS BRANDY







"Love making to me, with me, must be fulfilling in every way possible. To love and to be loved, to give and to take, to fuck and to be fucked – it's a mixture of all feelings."



SMOOTH AS BRANDY



"Hubert . . . did you take out an ad in that free press again?"

of the Playboy layout on her. It's hard to argue with success. Marilyn's projected income for this year is something like half a million dollars. Why should they argue? Why should they say we're doing wrong. What are we doing wrong?

HUSTLER: What does Marilyn think of Linda?

TRAYNOR: Well, probably that she didn't handle her career properly. Not knowing her though, she really can't say.

HUSTLER: Why did your marriage to Linda fall apart? How did that come about?

TRAYNOR: Everybody tells you when you go to Hollywood not to listen to all the things you're going to hear out there. Linda didn't pay attention to that. She listened to everyone. They all tell you how much better they can do for you, how much greater they can make you, and how your career is being stifled. If you listen to it, you're going to screw up. That's what happened to Linda.

HUSTLER: So basically some people got to Linda and said that Chuck really can't do for you what we can do for you. Ditch him and come with us.

TRAYNOR: Exactly, yes.

HUSTLER: And do you think they have helped her career?

TRAYNOR: No, not at all. In fact, they hurt it. Marilyn is now probably up above Linda and is going into Las Vegas. Linda never will. Also Marilyn is going to do a Bill Wilder film.

HUSTLER: What kind of film?

TRAYNOR: It's called "Wipeout." Keenan Wynne stars in it and Marilyn has the female lead. It's an R-rated film from Columbia.

HUSTLER: That sounds like it's quite a big step up.

TRAYNOR: Yes, well, Marilyn is able to make all those steps because of the way she applies herself. Linda has never done a national television show. Marilyn has. She did one with Geraldo Rivera-ABC's Wide World Special. Linda figured her career had reached a plateau, which it had simply because this business isn't a steady climb. It's a stairstepping thing and most people level off at one point and don't know how to regroup and go on. Something happens and suddenly you've got a whole new mountain to climb. You've just gotta

keep going. But talent is the vehicle that keeps you going. Marilyn has it. Linda doesn't.

HUSTLER: Is there any sex in Marilyn's act?

TRAYNOR: No, none.

HUSTLER: Is that an indication that you're leaving your sexual careers behind you?

TRAYNOR: No, it's an indication that Marilyn has talent. She carried the show without sex in it. I'm sure that a lot of people come in expecting sex, but nobody leaves disappointed.

HUSTLER: Would you do another X-rated movie?

TRAYNOR: No, not the quality X-rated movie that's being produced today, but it would really depend. If Marilyn did an X-rated film it would be something that we would own — that we would do. I don't believe right now, in today's market with the people running it and the way the films are going, that there would be any advantage for her to do an X-rated film.

HUSTLER: So then you are moving away from that.

TRAYNOR: Well, no, we've got nothing against nudity. If nudity was called for in Marilyn's show, we'd put it in. If the right X-rated film came along, we would do it. We don't feel that what's around now is right for Marilyn. Plus the fact that budgets are fairly limited.

HUSTLER: You lost Linda Lovelace and almost immediately came up with Marilyn Chambers. How did you do that?

TRAYNOR: Well, Marilyn and I knew about each other, but we didn't personally know each other. I had been very aware of Marilyn's career because she was Linda's competition. So I really kept an eye on what she was doing. When Linda and I broke up, Marilyn knew about it. I had a lot of contracts, a lot of commitments, and I didn't just want to throw them out. I like the business. I'm very good at it, so why not take someone who was in it already. I didn't want to start at the bottom. Although, I did have an inclination to pick one of those girls—you know, a 19 or 20 year old girl and start all over again, but the ground work is really the hard part. Marilyn had reached a plateau with the Mitchell brothers. She'd made two films with them, but they don't know how to promote an individual. They do

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know how to promote films. They're not really managers or agents. So I called Marilyn in New York. She was there promoting her films. We talked on the phone three or four times over a week and I felt a lot of energy from her. I knew that I was talking to someone who really wanted to do what she wanted to do. I told her that I didn't think the Mitchells knew how to handle her, that she wasn't being promoted properly. I thought she had tremendous potential but that it had to be handled differently. When Marilyn's out any place and people are going to see her, then she has to be Marilyn Chambers. She has to arrive in a limousine, with a certain hairdo, dressed a certain way. That's what makes a superstar. Marilyn flew out to L.A. and we've been together ever since.

HUSTLER: What do you think of the Hollywood scene?

TRAYNOR: Well, there's really no such thing as the "Hollywood scene." It's a lot of individuals who are all on ego trips. The scene consists of cutting your buddy's throat if you can get

HUSTLER: Were Hefner and Linda sexually involved?

TRAYNOR: At parties probably, yeah. But not romantically-sexually involved. I know Hefner separates sex and emotion like I do. Sure they balled, but as far as any more involvement than that, I doubt it. It's just an ego trip for Hef to have Linda Lovelace around.

HUSTLER INTERVIEW

away with it, and buying him a cup of coffee the next day with the money you made from cutting his throat. That's sort of the situation in Hollywood. It's really competitive. But it has to be that way because everybody out there is an actor. If you and I are actors and you tell me about a great part you're reading for, I'd have to be stupid not to call up the company and say, "Hey, let me read for this part, too, because I'm better than he is."

HUSTLER: When you and Linda arrived in Hollywood, you sort of fell in with Hugh Hefner. What did you think of him?

TRAYNOR: I liked Hef. I thought he was really a together guy. He's got some strange ways. . . .

HUSTLER: Like what?

TRAYNOR: Well, he plays backgammon 20 hours without stopping and constantly drinks Pepsi Colas. I didn't like the way he handled the break-up between Linda and I. Hefner always came on to me to be very open about everything, to be very fair. But at the end, things got out of shape, and I

said, "Screw him." That's how it ended, and we haven't spoken since.

HUSTLER: Were Hefner and Linda sexually involved?

TRAYNOR: At parties probably, yeah. But not romantically-sexually involved. I know Hefner separates sex and emotion like I do. Sure they balled, but as far as any more involvement than that, I doubt it. It's just an ego trip for Hef to have Linda Lovelace around.

HUSTLER: Is Hef great in bed?

TRAYNOR: Is he great in bed?

HUSTLER: Good, fair, poor, boring, exciting, etc.??

TRAYNOR: I wouldn't want to have to live up to the standards that are set, not by him, but for him. I think that he's probably like anybody else. Probably a little more introverted than anyone would believe, but his whole organization is totally opposite, so Hefner has to stand for his organization. He makes a big to-do about it. He always has a good-looking girl hanging on his arm . . . or 2 or 3 of them. But I think he'd just as soon be upstairs in the bedroom watching television or something than balling those three girls.

HUSTLER: Have you and Marilyn been involved with that at all?

TRAYNOR: No.

HUSTLER: When you're with someone else do you feel that you have to live up to certain standards, too?

TRAYNOR: No, but people just assume if you're in this business, you're a swinger — that you go to parties. But we don't.

HUSTLER: You and Marilyn don't swing?

TRAYNOR: No, we don't. Linda didn't either. Now, when I say, "Don't swing", I don't mean never ball anybody. People assume that the X-rated film industry is made up of massive orgies. It's really not. To most people sex is a very big thing. It has to be the driving force. But people who make X-rated films don't feel that way. It's not a driving force. It's not a big thing for me to see your wife with her clothes off. I could give a shit. People try to invite you to parties assuming that you're going to walk in with your clothes off and ball everybody in sight, but we don't. We keep very much to ourselves because when you're doing these shows, you're in clubs every night. Well, what do people do when

they go out? They go to clubs. We don't want to go to clubs, cause we're always in clubs. To us, a vacation is going home for 2 or 3 weeks and not associating with anybody.

HUSTLER: How do you relate to losing a lot of your privacy, or hasn't that happened?

TRAYNOR: No, you don't let it happen. Well, when you say, "losing your privacy" . . . you do interviews like this, or a book, but in reality you can remain as private as you want to. You don't have to let people really into you. In fact, I think it's a mistake. I think if people know you in and out, there's no more mystique there. And I think it loses a lot of intrigue. I would rather have people look at Marilyn and fantasize, not really knowing what she does or what she can do. Once a person knows what she does, they also know what she doesn't do. So then if they're into something she doesn't do, then they can't fantasize about her. This way they can.

HUSTLER: So if someone asked you what Marilyn can do, you'd say everything?

TRAYNOR: Yeah. Sure. There's no reason for anyone to know what she does. What she does is what you see her do on the screen, what you want to believe she does.

HUSTLER: Is there a difference between what she does on the screen and what she does with you?

TRAYNOR: A difference? Well, we don't have a trapeze in the bedroom.

HUSTLER: I thought everybody did. Are you suspicious of people who want to get close to you?

TRAYNOR: I read them within the first half hour usually. A lot of people do that, but we spot them immediately. We have very limited friends for a couple of reasons. One, we're on the road all the time. Two, at home, if you have a lot of friends, they want to come to your house all the time. Well, what are you going to say, "No, I don't want you to come to my house?" So it's easier just to keep your friends to a minimum.

HUSTLER: Are your friends in the business or out of the business?

TRAYNOR: Both.

HUSTLER: Do you and Marilyn want a family?

TRAYNOR: Oh, yeah. Sure.

HUSTLER: How many kids do you

want?

TRAYNOR: Two girls.

HUSTLER: How would you feel about them going into porno movies?

TRAYNOR: If I managed it, it would be ok.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about women's liberation?

TRAYNOR: Well, I feel that they probably have a legitimate gripe with society, but I think they overdo it quite a bit in reality. Take women policemen. If I were really pissed off at a cop and it was a woman and she tried to arrest me, I'd smash her head. I don't give a shit if she's a woman. If she's a cop, she's a cop. I think you should limit what they should do to things that are befitting.

HUSTLER: Like what?

TRAYNOR: Women writers, women photographers are fine. I think there are physical limits to what women should do and I think they should recognize it.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about lesbians?

TRAYNOR: Oh, fine. I know several of them and they're fine.

HUSTLER: Suppose one of them tried to move in on Marilyn?

TRAYNOR: Well, if she wanted to ball her, it'd be ok. If she wanted to hold her hand, I'd treat her just like a guy who wanted to hold her hand. What's the difference?

HUSTLER: You must have a great deal of confidence in yourself sexually.

TRAYNOR: Yeah. I think people who don't have confidence in themselves create a monster, and they have to live with it. Why not have confidence in yourself? You're only going to be as good as you think you are. Nothing's going to improve you automatically. You've either got to do your thing and do it well or forget it.

HUSTLER: If the average guy needed one quality, one major quality, to have a power over women, what would you say that would be?

TRAYNOR: The ability to perform.

HUSTLER: You mean in bed?

TRAYNOR: Both. Mentally and physically. I think when you tell somebody something, you really have to be able to deliver it. I think it's very easy for someone to say, "I can make you a star." Well, if you can do it, that gives you the power. If you can't, you don't have the power.

HUSTLER: Do you have the attitude that nothing's impossible?

TRAYNOR: Oh, yes. Definitely.

HUSTLER: What do you think of the macho attitude that a lot of men have? For example, the idea that the man who has 10 children is more masculine than the guy with one.

TRAYNOR: I don't relate to that. I don't think having a lot of kids proves anything. We go on a lot of programs. They always put a guy on t.v. who's got 10 kids thinking that he's some kind of big deal, but they're talking against free sex and pornography. What are they doing? They're increasing the population of the world that's already overpopulated and staying home telling you they're right and you're wrong.

HUSTLER: Were you and Marilyn ever arrested on any pornography charges?

TRAYNOR: No. Although we've been called as witness for the defense.

HUSTLER: Who were they prosecuting?

TRAYNOR: With me they were trying to prosecute whoever was transporting the "Deep Throat" film. With Marilyn it was whoever was transporting the "Green Door" film. It's really kind of a scam because they pay you \$1200 to come from L.A. to N.Y. and back. Then you rehearse all the questions downstairs, go upstairs and answer them. When you walk out you're looking at 12 to 24 very bored people that are sitting there in this room who could give a shit less about what's going on.

HUSTLER: Surely you must be able to tell us more about the deep throat technique.

TRAYNOR: (laughter) I really can't. Van Gogh wouldn't tell you how he painted. Mario Andretti wouldn't tell you how he built his racing cars.

HUSTLER: Could you give us just a beginner's hint?

TRAYNOR: A beginner's hint? Yes. Your partner has to be just as willing to receive as you are to give.

THE PHILOSOPHER

COURAGE

Courage is the first of human qualities because it is the quality which guarantees all the others.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

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HUSTLER INTERVIEW

HUSTLER: When is the book on this technique coming out?

TRAYNOR: Probably early summer. Marilyn's writing it herself.

HUSTLER: Do you have to be hypnotized?

TRAYNOR: No. Hypnosis is used when people are not eager enough to convince their bodies themselves.

HUSTLER: Is it the same sort of technique that sword swallowers have to learn?

TRAYNOR: Yes. The idea is to keep your throat from flexing when you don't want it to because if the sword swallower's throat flexed, and he coughed, he'd kill himself.

HUSTLER: Is it a slow process that takes time to become natural?

TRAYNOR: Yes.

HUSTLER: Is cock size a factor?

TRAYNOR: No. There's only one area you have to pass. You have an esophagus that's 2 feet long. I don't know any guys that are built 2 feet long.

HUSTLER: A final word for future deep throat artists.

TRAYNOR: If you really want to do it, you can do it!

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

continued from page 21

Wong's, Kon Tiki Ports in the **Sheraton Chicago Hotel** and, of course, **Trader Vic's** in the **Palmer House**. Live entertainment can be found all over, starting with the **Empire Room** in the **Palmer House**. From November 19 to December 2nd, **Peter Marshall** and the **Alan Copeland Singers** will be featured with **Cyd Charisse** and **Tony Martin** following up from the 3rd to the 15th. The rest of the month was open at this writing. **Mr. Kelly's**, a good starting place for many of the best entertainers, will have **Oscar Brown Jr.** from the 16th to the 22nd. One of the most popular entertainment centers, the **Arie Crown**, in **McCormick Place** will present **Lynn Anderson, Mel Tillis** and the **Statler Brothers** on the 8th, the **Lettermen** on the 13th and the famous **Nutcracker Suite** from the 20th to January 4th. One of the biggest and best exhibitions of its type, the **International Rod and Custom Car Show**, will be at McCormick's main Exhibition Hall from the 6th to the 8th. And stop by the **London House** to see the **Duke Ellington Band** in action until the 8th. Both of Chicago's ice hockey entries show seven home dates during the month. The **Black Hawks** host NHL rivals: Pittsburgh on the 2nd; Minnesota on the 9th; Philadelphia on the 12th; Buffalo on the 19th; Vancouver on the 23rd; Los Angeles on the 26th; and Toronto on the 30th. In the WHA, the **Cougars** are at home with: Los Angeles on the 1st; Edmonton on the 4th; New York on the 8th; Minnesota on the 11th; Houston on the 15th; Winnipeg on the 18th; and Quebec on the 28th. For football fans, the **Chicago Bears** entertain the New York Giants on the 1st before finishing their regular NFL season with a pair of road jousts.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans: This city is by far a delight to the senses, you don't just see it, you feel it. There's music in the air everywhere—everything from jazz to opera to the toot of an excursion boat on the river. Jazz provides the

spirit that makes New Orleans the good-time place it is. Dixieland, Progressive and Funeral Jazz, as well as religious and street music, and, of course, the Blues. The **Al Hirt Club** is the home castle of the King, who appears Monday through Saturday nights. **The Blue Angel** is the place for Dixieland Jazz with **George Finola and His Chosen Few** performing in an old New Orleans atmosphere. **Charley's Corner** in the **Sheraton Chateau Le Moyne Hotel** provides top-flight entertaining nightly in casual and relaxing surroundings. The **Bagnio Lounge** in the **Dauphine Orleans Hotel** is an intimate hide-away on the site of one of the city's original "sporting houses." **La Chandelle Lounge** in the **Fountainebleau Motor Hotel** is a popular rendezvous spot with lively music for both dancing and listening, a great night clubbing spot. The **Maison Bourbon** is an open air cafe carefully restored to original late 1790's and provides the best jazz, 12 hours a day. Creole and French dishes delight the most critical palates in hundreds of fine restaurants throughout the area. Unfortunately, we only have room to name a few. **The Court of Two Sisters** is excellent for both Creole and French cuisine served in the spacious Courtyard or in the **Creole Patio Room**. The **Bon Ton Restaurant** presents a marvelous array of Cajun-Creole specialties, as well as the most unforgettable bread pudding with whiskey sauce. **Brennan's Restaurant** serves a world famous breakfast and is well worth the reservation needed to get in. **Masson's Restaurant Francais** specializes in French Provincial dishes created by the owner. The **Caribbean Room** in the **Pontchartrain Hotel** serves a wide variety of mouth-watering dishes. A few of their specialties are Crabmeat Remick, Shrimp Saki and Red Snapper Pontchartrain. This is one of the nation's great football cities and when the **Saints** are in town you can feel it, which will be on the 8th with St. Louis.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston: Boston is a city with a heri-

tage of which it is justly proud. Every Sunday at 10:45 a.m. the bells of the Old North Church ring out just as they did when they were rung by the young, 15-year-old Paul Revere who later watched for the famous lantern signal from its equally famous tower . . . "one if by land, two if by sea." After absorbing Boston's impressive history, you can relax at a concert given by the **Boston Symphony Orchestra** in the **Symphony Hall** at the intersection of Massachusetts and Huntington Avenues. It is easily reached by trolley, bus or car. **Michael Tilson Thomas** will conduct **Schuman** and **Mendelssohn** at 7:30 p.m. on December 3rd and **Stravinsky** at 8:30 p.m. on December 5th. **Klaus Tenstedt** will conduct **Brahms** at 8:30 p.m. on December 12th, at 2 p.m. on December 13th, at 8:30 p.m. on December 14th, and **Bruckner Symphony #8** on December 19th. If you feel in need of good food to match the good music, you can easily walk to several excellent restaurants including the well-known **Café Amalfi** and many others in the Prudential Center Area. **Stella's**, near the Old North Church, displays an impressive list of delicious fish dishes. **Boraschi's**, near Copley Square, serves Italian specialties in regal surroundings. If freshly shucked oysters, steaming chowders, broiled Boston scrod, and baked Indian pudding sound appetizing, a visit to **Anthony's Pier 4** is a necessity. There is always live entertainment at the **Sheraton Boston** and dancing to contemporary or light rock music at the **Merry-Go-Round** in the Copley Plaza.

The **New England Patriots** will battle the Pittsburgh Steelers on December 8th at 1 p.m. Both the **National Hockey League** and **World Hockey Association** will be quite active at the Boston Gardens during the month. The **Boston Bruins** meet Buffalo on the 8th; Minnesota on the 13th; Vancouver on the 15th; California on the 16th; Pittsburgh on the 20th; and Toronto on the 23rd. The **New England Whalers** are pitted against the Chicago Cougars in an afternoon game on the 2nd; the

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Cleveland Crusaders on the 9th; the Toronto Toros on the 12th; the New York Golden Blades on the 14th; the Chicago Cougars again in an afternoon game on the 16th; the Edmonton Oilers on the 19th; the Winnipeg Jets on the 22nd; and the Vancouver Blazers on December 24th.

MICHIGAN

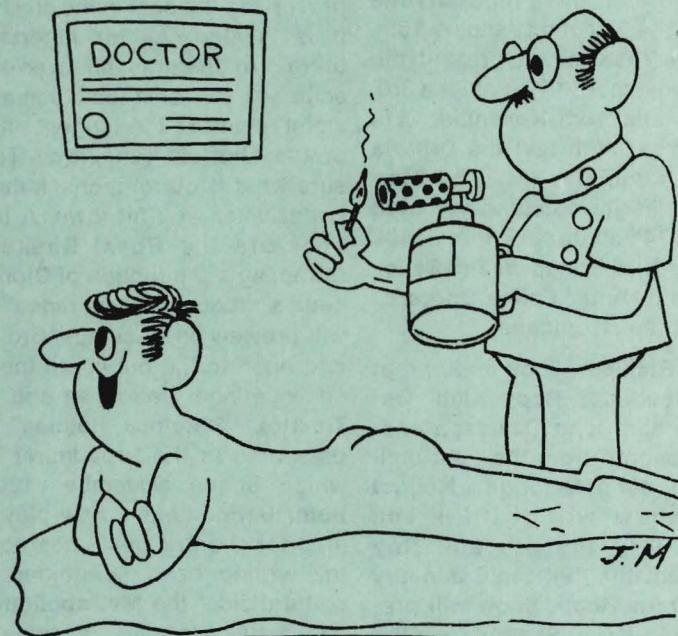
Detroit: This is Henry Ford's town . . . and Walter Reuther's . . . and Ty Cobb's. Danny Thomas got his start here . . . so did the Supremes, Charles Lindbergh, and the Lone Ranger. Detroit is a city where the past and the present meet head on and the resounding, resultant crash means only excitement for the visitor. If you like bumping elbows with celebrities while you dine, you should try the **London Chop House** which is a spot they frequent for its especially fine food. **Joe Muer's**, a tradition in Detroit for 44

years, is mainly a seafood restaurant but also serves prime beef. The **Ponchartrain Wine Cellars** introduced Cold Duck to America, the **The Money Tree** features crepes and quiche and other French peasant dishes. From December 8th thru 31st, **Greenfield Village** and **The Henry Ford Museum** in Dearborn present Christmas in Greenfield Village. Unfortunately, during December the **Lions** are away at Cincinnati and Philadelphia. However, the **Detroit Red Wings** of the **National Hockey League** have quite a full home schedule at Olympia Stadium. On the 1st, they play Buffalo; on the 5th, Chicago; on the 13th, St. Louis; on the 16th, Vancouver; on the 18th, Los Angeles; on the 22nd, Boston; on the 26th, Pittsburgh; on the 30th, Atlanta; and on the 31st, Buffalo.

MISSOURI

Kansas City: One of the main area's

of entertainment in the "Show Me" State's Kansas City side is **River Quay**. It is a 4-block area just north of the Sixth Street Trafficway. You can wander around, catch a drink and a bite to eat, as well as a chance to listen to some fine tunes. **Huck Finn's** specializes in catfish and corn on the cob during the day, then rolls its kitchen up after 7 p.m. and presents old ragtime piano music played from the "deck" of a riverboat which takes up an entire wall. A good sing-along place. The **Warehouse**, also known as **Bobby D's**, presents loud rock bands and a large dance floor for the predominantly young crowd; however, they have the big names, such as **Stan Kenton**, which draws an entirely different crowd. Another rock music, singles bar is **Dirty McNasty's Boiler Room** which is actually a dark cellar, complete with overhead steam pipes and red brick walls. Live folk music, beer on the tap and deli food makes **Dinkledorf's Deli** a groovy place to hang out for awhile. A very unique spot, and the only one featuring country music in the area, is **Judge Roy Bean's Jersey Lilly**. An entire building patterned after a Western Saloon, it has the fanciest decor around. **Poor Freddie's** is a cozy little place decorated with stained glass windows and Victorian decor. Soft rock music tastefully tops off a fine Italian menu. For a really far out experience, try **Harlow's** "Quay's version of Wonder Bar". A huge chrome and glass bar dominates the club and adds an interesting modernique touch. Occasionally, big names like **Ike and Tina Turner** and **Bonnie Bramlett** are featured. As far as fine eateries outside the River Quay area, **La Mediterranee** on the Country Club Plaza is noted for its fine French menu. **Jaspers** is great for Italian cuisine (try the shrimp Livornese). And both **Koha Kai** on the Plaza and **Trader Vic's** in the **Crown Center Hotel** are excellent for Polynesian dining and exotic drinks. And for an outstanding Barbecue spot, **Snead's Bar-B-Q** fills the bill. It's a bit removed from the city proper but well worth the trip.

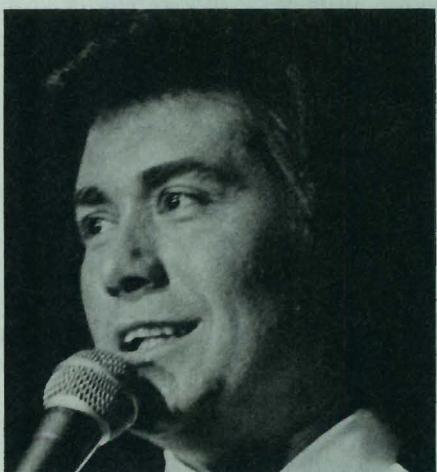


"They say you can treat hemorrhoids without costly surgery."

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NEVADA

Las Vegas: Most of the Vegas places will be dark around the holidays so take this into account when making your travel plans. In the **Bagdad Theatre** of **Aladdin's**, "This Is Burlesque" will celebrate its one year anniversary December 27th and has an indefinite engagement. **Caesars Palace** will present **Sammy Davis Jr.** from November 28th to December 18th. If you're a circus fan, you will surely enjoy the live circus acts high above the casino at **Circus Circus** and by no means miss the "Bottoms Up Review" for a uniquely entertaining show. The **Desert Inn** will be presenting **Juliet Prowse** and **Jan Murray** until December 2nd. The room will be dark until the 26th but from the 27th to January 20, beautiful **Bobby Gentry** will be featured. **Sandler & Young** and **Myron Cohen** will be appearing until December 4th in the Flamingo's Showroom. The **Dick Clark Show** will take over from the



5th to the 18th and **Tony Bennett** will close the month from the 26th to January 1st. The **Lounge** will present the **Checkmates** and **Slappy White** until the 4th and **Fats Domino**, **The Treniers** and **Johnny Tillotson** for the remainder of the month. The dynamic **Robert Goulet** and **Carol Lawrence** will thrill audiences until December 11th and again from the 25th to January 1st at the **Frontier Hotel**. (What a great way to spend the holiday.) The **Hacienda** continues its dazzling performance of "Spice on Ice, 1974" un-

til the end of the month. **Gladys Knight and the Pips** will be playing the **Las Vegas Hilton** until the 9th and while you're there, don't miss a visit to **Benihana Village**, just recently opened. Complete with an **Imperial Village**, it has been heralded as a "Japanese Fantasyland come to life." **MGM Grand** will be bringing in the **Jackson Five** until the 3rd and **Dean Martin** will follow up from the 4th to the 10th. The rest of the month is open at this writing. **Petula Clark** and **Frank Gorshin** will be at the **Riviera** until the 5th and **Liza Minnelli** and **Szony** will follow up from the 6th to the 12th. **Don Rickles** and the **Mills Brothers** will wrap the month up from the 13th to January 8th. The **Sands** will be presenting **Rich Little & Jerry Vale** until December 1st and then **Wayne Newton** and the **Jive Sisters**, and **Dave Barry** will take over from the 2nd until the 17th. The **Sahara's Congo Room** will have **Jim Nabors** and **Charo** on the boards until the 2nd, followed by **Buddy Hackett** and **James Darren** from the 3rd until the 14th and **Totie Fields** from the 27th until January 16th. The **Casbar Theatre** will present the **Mob** from November 13th until the 3rd, **Sidro's Armada** from November 26th until December 16th and the **Drifters** from the 4th until the 31st. The **Stardust** continues its outstanding "Lido de Paris, 1974" all through the month. The **Thunderbird** brings on **Jim Bailey** until the 14th. And "Folies Bergere" continues at the **Tropicana**.

Reno: **Don Rickles** will be featured at **Harrah's Headliner Room** until December 1st and **John Davidson** ending up the month from the 20th until January 5th. **John Ascuaga's Nugget Cabaret Show** will feature **The Trenier's** until the 4th and **Ray Anthony** from the 19th until January 8th. The **Circus Room Show** will present the ageless **Red Skelton** from the 27th until the 31st. The **Golden Nugget** will be presenting **The Expressions** from the 6th to the 19th; **Kenny Vernon**, **Jerry Sun** and **Vincent** from the 20th to the 26th and the **Vagabonds** will join **Vernon** and **Sun** from the 27th to January 1st.

NEW YORK

New York: This city is overflowing with activities and dining spots with some more worthwhile than others. The trick is to know the difference. For fun at a minimal price you may try doing some sight-seeing. **Japan House** is one of the more beauteous places to drop by for restful look at serene architecture. Built in contemporary Japanese style, there are art exhibits by Japanese artists, films, indoor and outdoor gardens as well as an open library for whiling away any free time you may have. Definitely a nice escape from the bustle of the City. The **Colombian Center** is also a pleasant spot to drop by. Browse through the Colombian handicraft exhibition located in the lobby or, while enjoying a free cup of coffee, read all about coffee bean growing at the mezzanine display. Of course, the **Museum of the City of New York** is a must for anyone interested in seeing a well-preserved bit of the past. This is the first museum in the nation dedicated to preserving the past in the city in which it is located. As for entertainment, there are theatres all over showing some of the best and some of the worst, some of the longest and some of the shortest run plays. To make sure what is current, check the newspaper when you hit town. A few new ones are the **Royal Shakespeare Company's** production of **Dion Boucicault's "London Assurance"** which will preview on December 3rd and 4th and open to the public on the 5th for an indefinite period at the **Palace Theatre**. "Sherlock Holmes" will be presented at the **Broadhurst Theatre** which began November 12th. And **Peter Ustinov** has a new play scheduled for the 3rd but it has not, as of this writing, been determined. On the cultural side, the **Metropolitan Opera** has a full schedule of some of the finest classics. The **New York Philharmonic** will present Conductor **Pierre Boulez** on the 12th at **Avery Fisher Hall**. On the dining scene, you have a selection of anything from delicatessens to the most elegant restaurants in town. **Tony's Wife** pre-

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sents the finest rack of lamb mascotte and snails bourguignonne, served in a cozy atmosphere. **The Ararat** is the place for authentic Armenian cuisine with a pleasant blend of elegant and colorful surroundings. For the finest Northern Italian food, bringing memories of Rome, Milan and Florence rushing to your taste buds, try **Mercurio's**. **Minka's** is a fine spot for country-style Japanese items. In the **NHL**, the **New York Rangers** and the **Islanders** both have full schedules at home all month, along with the **Golden Blades** in the **WHA**. The **Jets** will be at home on the 1st against San Diego and on the 8th against Buffalo. The **Giants** battle on home turf on the 8th with Philadelphia.

OHIO

Akron: Your first stop should be **The Hustler Club**, located at 21 South Main Street—always a happening spot. Check out **The Pewter Mug**, right up the street from The Hustler. Its atmosphere is that of an English gentlemen's club and the specialty of the house is prime eye of the rib. **Iacomini's** is one of the best Italian and American restaurants in the country and definitely worth your money. **The Chalet** offers fine cuisine and a wide selection of Mediterranean specialties. If German food is what you prefer, the **Bavarian Haus** is a must. Great Old World German specialties served in an authentic Bavarian atmosphere. For a big juicy steak and crisp, fresh salad, try **The Butcher Block Restaurant**. A fabulous salad bar selection as well as some of the best steaks in town. As for entertainment, the **Red Pepper Lounge** has a great country/western round-up. **Denny's Den** presents more of a rock sound, six nights a week. All of the **Holiday Inns** around town present entertainment nightly and each is a sure bet for a pleasant evening of dining and dancing.

Cincinnati: Once again, **The Hustler Club** should be first on your list for good swinging spots, then stop in at the **Pink Pussycat** for an entertaining show. The **Beverly Hills**, in nearby

Newport, presents top names like **Bobby Goldsboro**, **Fats Domino**, **Jack Jones** and **Diahann Carroll**. They also have specials on the dinner-show combination. **The Loll Forty-Three**, in the **Dubois Tower** overlooking **Fountain Square** is one of the most sophisticated and beautifully decorated lounges in the country with dining and dancing nightly. We've mentioned **Mike Fink's** before, but feel it's worth repeating. An old renovated flat-boat located on the Ohio River, there's Main Deck dining and cocktail lounge with a New Orleans Ragtime Band performing Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights at 8 p.m. in the **New Orleans Room**. **The Drawbridge** at the **Rowntowner Motor Inn** is a great place for catching some groovy rockin' and rollin' tunes along with a healthy size steak or a delicate seafood dish. For fine Cantonese food and a cocktail try **Wong's**, which has been newly remodelled and decorated. **Zimmer's Restaurant and Wine Stube** serves a hearty German meal with imported beer in a Genuetlich atmosphere. The **Cincinnati Bengals** will be in town on the 8th against the Detroit Lions.

Columbus: Columbus, Ohio might not, at first blush, seem to be a very great place to be stuck in cold December, but don't underestimate it. It combines small-town friendliness with big-town action and comes up with something really unique. Both dinner theaters in the area have great shows booked for December. The **Columbus-Springfield Dinner Theater** on U. S. Routes 40 and 42 near London, Ohio will be featuring "Come Blow Your Horn" with actors and actresses from off-Broadway in New York. Through December 8th, "Three Goats on a Blanket" starring Mickey Rooney will be at the **Country Dinner Playhouse**, 11500 Tussing Road, near Reynoldsburg. **Scot's Inn**, 4900 Sinclair Road, is presenting **Abbey Lane** in the **Stewart Royal Room** from the 2nd to the 7th and its cocktail lounge **Someplace Else** has live entertainment from 5:30 p.m., special cocktail prices and hors d'oeuvres. The **Knaves' Cave**, in the **Imperial House** at 1335 Dublin

Road, is a cocktail lounge in an old English cave that has a surprisingly warm atmosphere...made all the warmer by the dancing of its patrons. **Studio 5** on West Fifth Avenue is a cocktail lounge in a contemporary mood. It usually has live entertainment and its sandwiches and hot hors d'oeuvres are generous as well as delicious. If you prefer more subdued music, the **Columbus Symphony Orchestra** will present organist William Haller on the 6th & 7th at the **Ohio Theater**. For fine food, the **Desert Inn**, 3540 East Broad Street, is a Columbus landmark. You can feast on foods from around the world such as flounder stuffed with crab meat or a seven-course (!!) Italian platter. On weekends, dining and dancing in the famous **Aztec Room** with its early Mexican decor is quite a treat. A new restaurant on the Columbus scene, **Engine House #5** in German Village, is the place to go for seafood that you would never expect to get this far inland. They even feature a daily special of different fresh seafood flown in from the coast each day. The restaurant is a converted Fire Engine House and the decor is so authentic that the waiters and waitresses often slide down a real firemen's pole just for fun. Of course, you wouldn't want to miss **The Hustler Club** at 38 West Gay Street or **Whatevr's Right** just downstairs. They both offer a fun way to end a perfect evening. Sports fans will want to make an extra effort to catch the **Ohio State Buckeye** basketball team or the **Columbus Owls** hockey club when they play at home. Check the newspaper when you hit town to see when they are playing.

Cleveland: With the seasonable chilling winds once again whipping in from Lake Erie, travelers and city natives alike will be looking for some warm nooks and crannies to spend December evenings. One of the warmest nooks belongs to our own **Hustler Club** situated at 820 Vincent Ave. The action atmosphere is charged by tasty cocktails and an assortment of gorgeous girls. Elegant dining and dancing are featured at a myriad of sites

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around the Greater Cleveland area. The **Kon-Tiki** at the **Cleveland-Sheraton Hotel** and the **Top of the Town** head up the downtown dinner spots. To the West, **Pier W** offers a Pirate ship decor to enhance weekend entertainment while specializing in filet mignon and lobster. The **Geisha Room** is spotlighted this month on the East side with its Japanese cuisine. Straight entertainment can be found at a host of places including the **Packard Music Hall**, **Cleveland Playhouse**, and the **Cleveland Orchestra** at **Severance Hall**. The **Cabaret Dinner Theatre** is presenting "Star Sprangled Girl" through December 20th. For sports events, the hip-flask types will not be disappointed by the December 1st meeting between the NFL's **Cleveland Browns** and San Francisco 49ers at the Stadium and horse racing at **Thistledown** through December 9th. For the indoor set, the **Cleveland Crusaders** ice hockey team and the **Cleveland Cavaliers** basketball squad are performing for their first season at the new Coliseum located between Cleveland and Akron just off Interstate 71. The Crusaders' home WHA tests include: December 1st and 2nd with Edmonton on the 8th with New England; on the 12th and 29th with New York; on the 15th with Toronto; on the 22nd with Minnesota; and on the 26th with Vancouver.

Dayton: The entertainment around this city makes up for the apparent lack of quantity by offering a generous portion of quality. **Todd Burlesk** serves up some dynamite live shows with a variation of well-stacked girls and adds adult films as dessert. Along the same lines, are a couple of more personal places like the **Whatevr's Right**, 1505 North Main St., where the girls ask the guys to dance and **Daddies' Money**. Also, a few hours spent at **Fingerfun** could be rewarding. It features an honest to goodness topless shoe shine parlor, studios designed for body painting, body rubs and nude photography. If only to keep up your stamina, you should try some of the various eating spots. A brief survey could include: **Dominic's**, for

fine Italian cuisine; **Guenther's Linden House** for an authentic German meal; and **Kyoto Inn** for delicate Japanese items. For an award-winning menu, visit the **King Cole** establishment. Sumptuous surroundings, art treasures, and genuine Continental cuisine served in a grand manner.

Toledo: One of the swingingest places in town, of course, is **The Hustler Club** at 812 Jefferson Street. Stop in for a drink and some friendly company with one of the beautiful girls. A very nice place for Old World decor and anything from char-broiled steak to the famous Maurice Salad is J. L. Hudson's **The Pewter Pub**. The **Zorba Supper Club** not only features both American and Greek food, but also Greek Folk Dancers, Belly Dancers and International Musicians. It's definitely a wild experience. The **Top of the Tower Restaurant** high atop the **Fiberglas Tower** is one of the city's most popular spots. It presents the best in dining pleasure with a spectacular view of the city and live entertainment, also home of the 1½ cocktail. For a unique taste treat, go to the **Fiji Island**, specializing in both delicious Polynesian and Chinese food with the best Hawaiian drinks. Both the **Hospitality Motor Inn** and the **Hillcrest** provide entertainment nightly and are fine places to have a drink and spend a relaxing evening.

PENNSYLVANIA

Pittsburgh: Next time you're in Pittsburgh, zoom in for a close-up of **Walt Harper's Attic**. We've mentioned it before and we'll probably mention it again. It is THE biggest jazz house in Pittsburgh—located right smack in the middle of town. **Milt Jackson**, formerly part of the **Modern Jazz Quartet** (which, incidentally, was the most popular name in jazz for 22 years), is booked for December 2nd through the 7th. He'll be setting the mood with jazz and blues from the vibraphone. And for the rest of the month, **Walt Harper and All That Jazz** will be belting it out every night at 9:30. Take advantage of the two dance floors, or sit back and relax with a touch of

chartreuse. **Le Bastille Supper Club** is another place you'll want to visit. Director **Pat Cording** will be presenting her version of the production "**The Boyfriend**" throughout the month, and French Chef Alphonse Thomas will be serving some of the finest French cuisine in town. Try his reindeer, prepared like Beef Wellington and served with lingonberry sauce, a delightful taste for adventurous eaters. There are plenty of places to go for a view of the city. Enjoy elegant dining as well as a panoramic view of the city at the **Edge Restaurant**. Or, as the city lights up, stop in at the **Pilot House** and watch the tugs and barges make their way up and down the river. If it's atmosphere you're after, there's nothing like **The Battery Bar**. The Revolutionary Period decor lends a real sense of history to one of Pittsburgh's most popular cocktail lounges. Live entertainment is featured nightly, but at this writing, the action hasn't been booked. You might also stop in at **The Harp and Crown Restaurant** and chase away those winter chills with specialties from the brick fireplace and drinks from the taproom located in the **William Penn Hotel**. It is an authentic restoration of a historic Colonial Tavern. **The Pewter Mug** is just the place for Old English atmosphere. It boasts of the biggest drinks in town and the heartiest menu. Interested in a little culture? **Heinz Hall** offers **The Nutcracker Suite** December 26th through 29th. Also **Neil Rankin** will star in the opera "**Il Trovatore**" on the 5th and 7th, and the **Pittsburgh Symphony** will be under the direction of **William Steinberg** on the 15th, 20th, and 22nd. **Carnegie Hall**, unfortunately, hasn't booked yet for December, but you can be sure they'll offer the best as usual. At Three Rivers Stadium, the **Steelers** pound pads with Houston December 1st and finish the regular season the 14th against Cincinnati. Home hockey battles for the NHL Penguins include: Atlanta on the 1st; California on the 12th; Detroit on the 15th; New York Rangers on the 22nd; and Chicago on the 29th. 

continued from page 56

from Indiana waiting to be hit. Oh, did he score on us.

"Where should we start?" he asked.

I could sense by the way Diane moved that she was getting turned up; she was rising to this. I could feel it, too. The aura of the place was sensuous, lifting.

There was a domination-submission game in progress at Table I. That wasn't our thing.

"At Table Two," Arlis pointed out, "the stake is work hours. Help is hard to find nowadays. A loser might have to spend a day or two waiting on tables or scrubbing floors or some other menial task the winner finds disagreeable. Rather dull. But over at Table Three. . . ." He walked and we followed. The players looked grim, desperate. "Fun to watch here. They're playing for organs. If you win, you might get the heart or liver or kidney transplant you need to stay alive or to keep your child alive."

"And if you lose?"

"You might sacrifice one yourself."

Applause. Cheers.

Across the room, above a dice table, the payoff board buzzed and wrote out: Rita Reeves. Then she came out, dressed, or undressed, in transparent red sheer silk.

"Go ahead," Diane urged. "I know you want to."

"Are you sure you don't mind?"

"This is why we came out here, isn't it? Play. I'll be with Arlis."

I watched Diane and Arlis for a moment, wondering whether she would find her release with him? Was that what she wanted, needed — a young man, who looked like a boy?

Men hurried to the crap table. I followed.

I forgot about Diane.

I was down 400 credits, and I hadn't even checked the stakes. I did not ask. I won the dice and I rolled the magic sevens as though the dice belonged to me.

I won Rita Reeves.

The modes of love and sex I'd seen her perform in the sex pix, she was going to do with me, for me, to me.

It was a mad and memorable evening, up in that plush suite, coming to orgasm with Rita, slammed there and beyond with the caps she broke beneath my nostrils — she knew all the tricks — and the slow languorous rising and falling into deep peaceful ex-

THE GAMBLER

I was down 400 credits, and I hadn't even checked the stakes.

haustion.

It was morning. I awoke. Someone was buzzing at the door. I heard the shower running, remembered Rita. I put on a robe and went to the door.

"Diane!"

The way she looked at me — I can't forget that. I thought of a wounded animal looking helplessly into the eyes of its hunter.

She fell at my feet and began to cry, tears of pain, tears of rage.

Arlis Hunt stood in the doorway.

"What did you do to her?" I demanded.

I was about to strike out at him, but he held a needle gun — a deadly little dart in a penlike rod.

"I'm afraid that your wife risked too much," he told me.

"What do you mean?"

"She saw the pleasure probe game. I don't know if you had time to try that or not. . . ." He looked toward the bathroom, saw Rita open the door to see what was happening. "I see you were a winner," he said leeringly. He nodded to Rita.

"Tell me what happened," I said. Diane was shaking, coming apart. I touched her head and she crawled away from me, stopped crying, but did not look at me.

"In the pleasure probe game one plays for what really is a rare experience — a brief, but ultimately completely pleasurable — some claim it's the ultimate pleasure — the excitation of the very pleasure center of the brain. It's a simple matter of electrical stimulation."

"I saw the winners," said Diane suddenly. She still did not look at me.

"Yes," smiled Arlis. "One can see the intense pleasure experienced by a winner; you can almost feel a part of it. Diane wanted that. Unfortunately, she fell behind, she risked too much. I'm afraid she's forfeited her Life Space."

"I don't understand," I said.

JOHN DON'T, I'M
HAVING MY PERIOD!

DON'T WORRY, MARGARET,
A GOOD TRANSFUSION NEVER
HURT ANYONE!

"Diane's life will be, shall we say, extinguished. The Organization will own the Life Space to do with as it sees fit. Do you understand now?"

Yes, I could make sense of it now — that was how the Life Spaces were obtained.

"Is there no way out?" I asked.

"Only one."

"What is it?"

"Exchange," said Arlis.

"What do you mean?"

"You can, if you wish, trade your life for hers."

My mind filled with a flush of fear and vague shouts of reality denial. Something in me poured full of shame and left me barren. This was too incredible a proposal to comprehend. That I should lay down my life.

Diane slowly raised her head.

I looked away. I could not meet her eyes.

For a long time, long after the door had closed and Arlis Hunt had taken her away I stood staring at the floor.

I could not seem to get drunk, no matter how many drinks I fed into my body. I was in the bar atop the Blue Parrot Hotel waiting for a hovercraft to take me back to the airfield. Trying to forget what had happened, what I had done — what I had failed to do. I loved her, but to die for her! No, I did not want to let loose of this life. In time, perhaps, in time I might forget.

I thought suddenly of George Archer. Archer, in accounting, on the fifth floor. Yes, he'd been out here with his wife. He'd returned alone. And he had never spoken of her again. And undergoing extensive psychotherapy now.

I drank more. One hovercraft left. I stayed to drink. It did not matter how soon I returned. Returned to what? An empty house. A life alone.

God, I couldn't do it, even for her, and I loved her. I really loved her.

I sat at a table and I cried, for her, for me, for the world.

I looked up and she was there.

Diane was standing there — alive!

She looked at me — no hate, no love, no feeling, nothing. She was dead inside, alive but dead within.

Her body walked away. . . .

I never saw her again.

I closed my eyes. I opened them again. Had it happened? Had I truly seen her? "Oh, God," I said.

A cough of choked laughter across the air.

Mr. Arlis Hunt stood watching me. And then I understood.

That was the way he scored — Arlis Hunt rose on the emotional pain of people. He'd set us up, cut us into pieces, for fun, so that he could soar. Toying with us, it had been his experiential jag.

"You bastard!" I yelled, quite without realizing at first that I'd said it aloud.

He laughed again at my frustration, rose on it.

For a moment I wanted to kill him. Truly I felt a warm flush of rage and I wanted to leap from my chair and clutch his neck until the veins beneath erupted, to watch terror come to his eyes.

But I did nothing. I was too weary and slow with drink to be a match for him physically.

I watched him stroll away, still up, high with the taste of my emotional blood.

I sat there a long time, thinking.

Finally the hovercraft landed and I got on.

What had I really lost? Pride mainly. Diane? With her the feelings had already been dying, withering slowly. Perhaps better it had ended quickly.

I felt something else now as the hovercraft lifted from the roof of the Blue Parrot — call it self discovery if you will. A feeling. I knew I would return. And when I returned I could be an Arlis Hunt. I could score on the unwary, the naive. The thought delighted me. I knew I would enjoy myself, next time. 

THE PHILOSOPHER

WISDOM

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MARY MEEK ATKESON

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filthy language. The New York Commission found that the Gazia operation employed two men as its collectors, Anthony Scala and Anthony "Junior" DeFranco. DeFranco has two convictions for possession of narcotics and Scala likes to be known as "the leg breaker."

Those who do not pay may be the victims of beatings or murders and serve as examples to others. Many times the loanshark is glad to take over a business instead of payment. But violence is common.

Force and threats of force of the most brutal kind are used to aid collection, eliminate protest and prevent the beleaguered borrower from reporting the activity to the police.

Violence can be very persuasive as shown in these true incidents. Charles Siragusa, former Executive Director of the Illinois Crime Commission, testified before the Senate Committee on Small Business about a woman whose husband was loaned \$300 for medical bills. He frequently had difficulty meeting the 10 percent weekly interest rate and one night was dropped at their

Death On The Installment Plan

"The juice victim is taken for a ride in his own car, riddled with bullets and thrown in the trunk."

doorstep brutally beaten. In May, 1964, Joseph Grieco, the shark to whom they were indebted, tried to kidnap their five-year-old son. The wife begged \$30 from her employer. On another occasion she was told that if they continued to have trouble meeting payments, enough male customers could be found to enable her to make \$100 a day and settle the debt. Finally, the husband, having paid \$1,000 in interest alone without ever reducing the principle, despaired and committed suicide.

Siragusa said, "The juice victim is

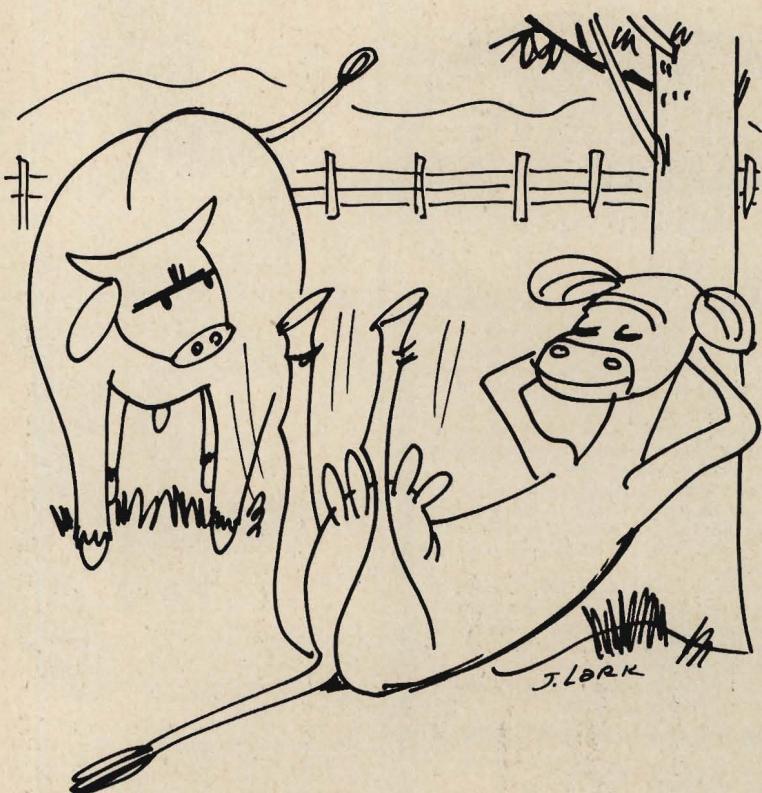
taken for a ride in his own car, riddled with bullets and thrown in the trunk. The juice gangsters arrange for the car to be parked so that police find it. Discovery of the murder is a warning to other delinquent juice customers. They get the message with stark emphasis. The news headlines don't cost the gangsters a dime in advertising space."

The National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence (1969) recorded the case of George and Jack Chiagouris who were owners of a thriving construction firm in Chicago. They had an opportunity to buy a Loop hotel at a bargain price; but because they already had a loan outstanding, they were unable to get another from a legitimate credit institution. In April, 1964, they borrowed \$150,000 from a loanshark and agreed to pay \$50,000 interest over the following year.

By April, 1965, they had repaid \$163,000 but the shark from whom they borrowed the money insisted they still owed \$124,000. On May 7, 1965, unable to meet the higher payments, the Chiagouris brothers were kidnapped from a restaurant, held for 15 hours and severely beaten. They were released only after they agreed to sign a note saying they still owed \$124,000.

Larry Balone, Phil Waggenheim and Leo Santaniello — all of the New England syndicate — lent money to an employee of a successful home improvement firm. When he was unable to meet his payments, they threatened him and the employee went to his boss for help. The boss met with the three and agreed to pay them the debt. Deciding that the boss was an easy touch, the three demanded that he pay them \$5,000 or get his head broken. He refused indignantly and one day they trapped him, beat him and forced him to agree to pay the \$5,000. Now believing that they had a good thing going, they demanded \$20,000 and a piece of the business. But they had gone too far; the boss went to the district attorney for help.

A former member of the underworld told the New York Commission that "to enforce a debt, they will go very far. I have known them to go as far as hanging a man out of a window by his feet 15 stories up — he got the money up in one hour. The only time a man gets killed is when he has de-

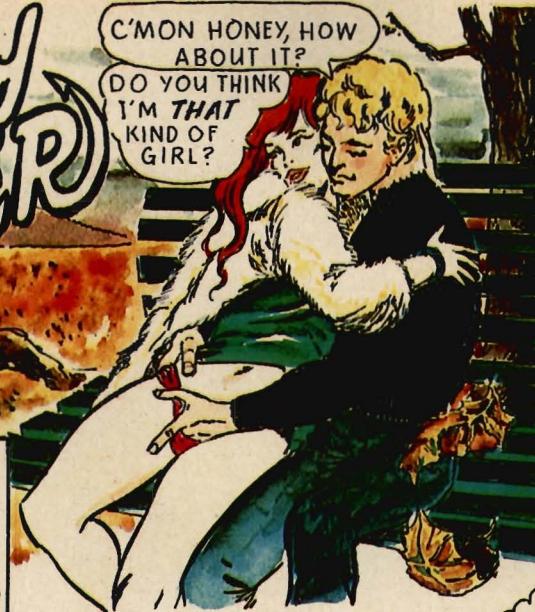


"Where the hell did you learn the 'Missionary's Position'?"

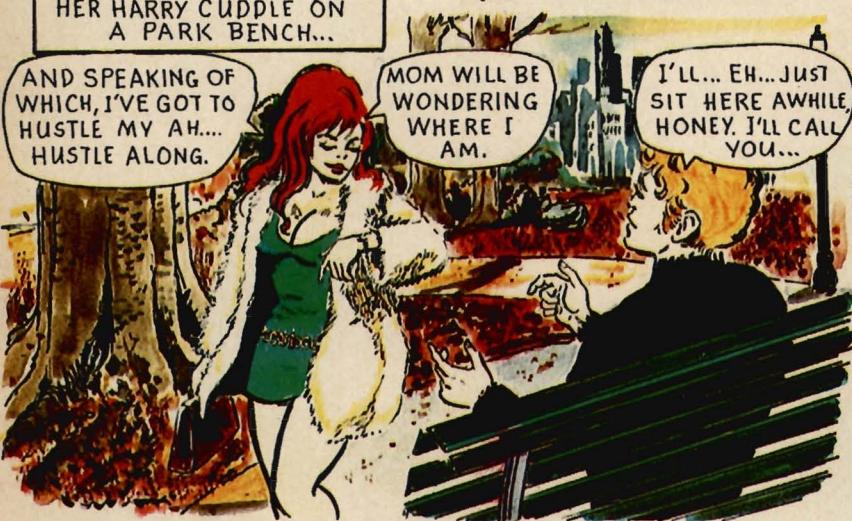
HONEY HOOKER

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE, SO IT'S SAID... AND DURING THE REST OF THE YEAR AS WE CAN SURMISE AS OUR HONEY AND HER HARRY Cuddle ON A PARK BENCH...

AND SPEAKING OF WHICH, I'VE GOT TO HUSTLE MY AH.... HUSTLE ALONG.

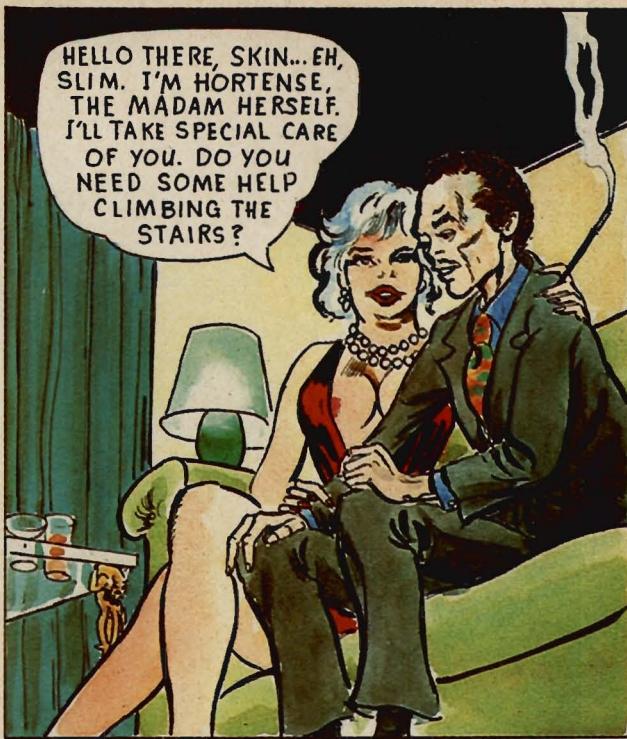


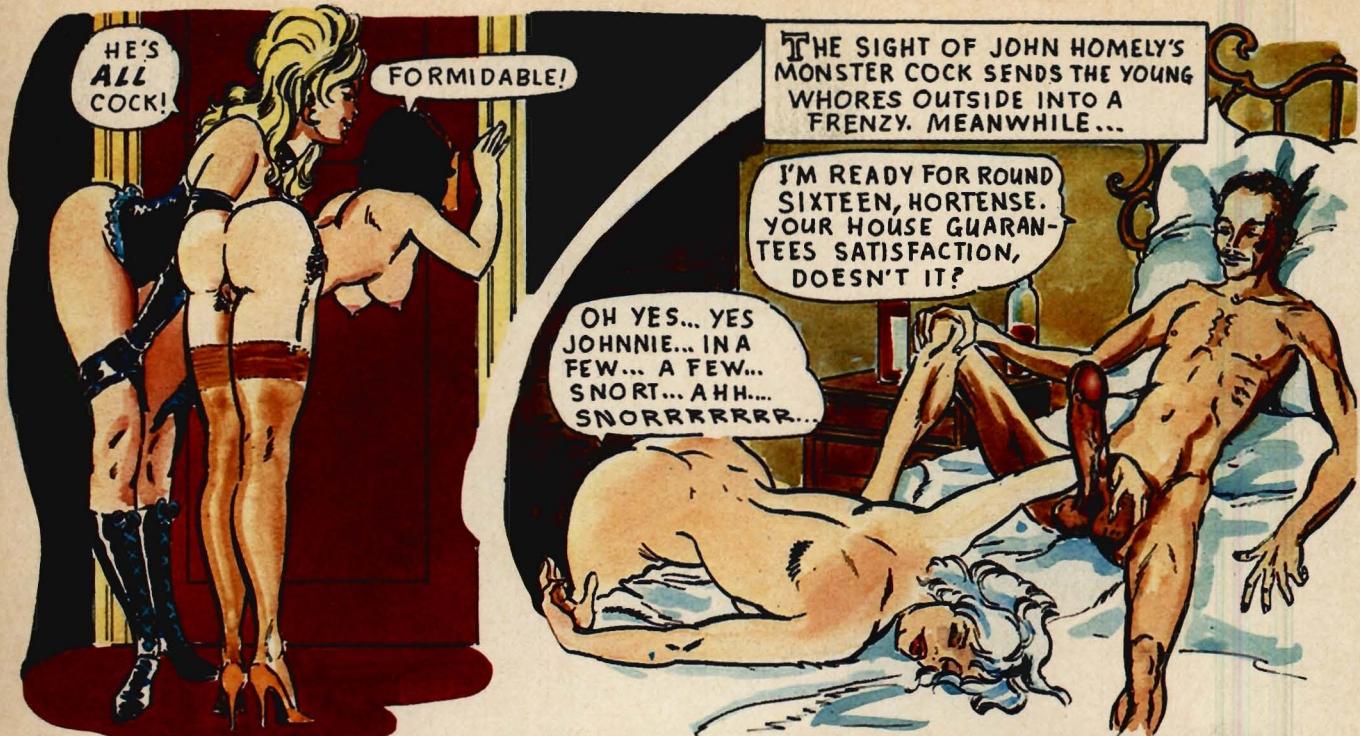
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AN EXPERT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSCLES

Our files show that thousands of readers like yourself want to build bulging muscles and achieve real physical power like their favorite athletic champions. How to go about it? We decided to ask an expert, Dave Prowse, 3-times British Weightlifting champion and leading fitness expert. Here are his answers.

Q. What does it take to build muscles?

A. Basically, it takes exercise. Almost any exercise will help to develop at least some of your muscles if you keep at it long enough and hard enough.

Q. Isn't there an easier way?

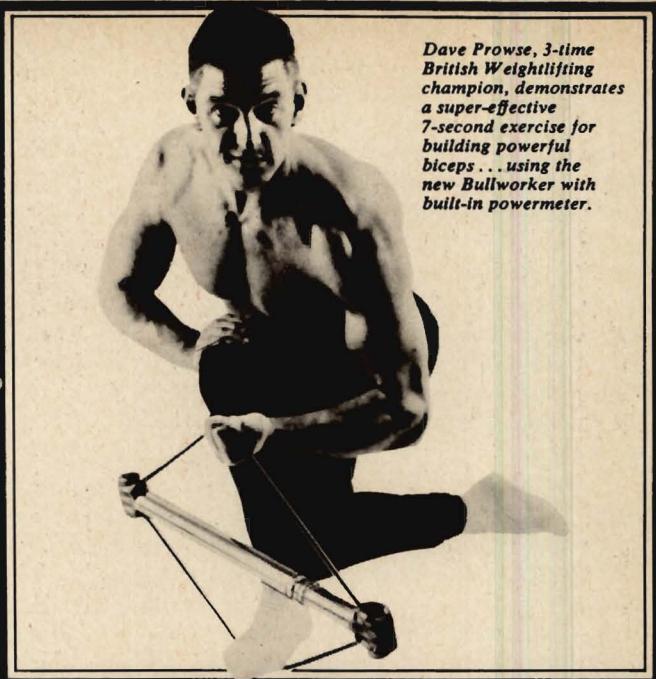
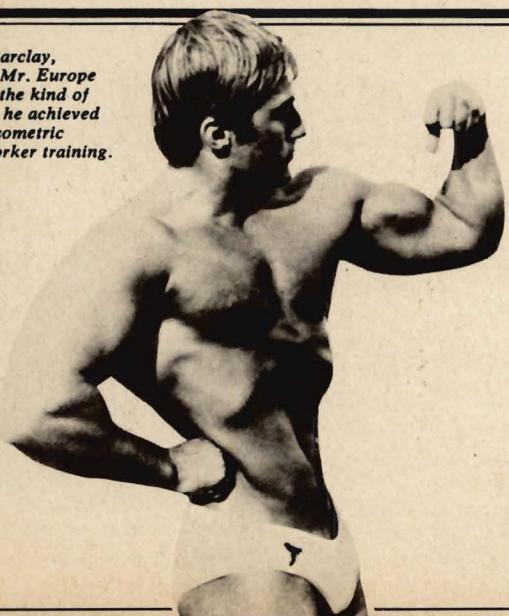
A. Yes. There is one outstandingly effective training method that is also fast and easy—the one I use and recommend—the new Bullworker system.

Q. What's that?

A. The Bullworker is a revolutionary new muscle-building exerciser based on Isometrics, the science that increases strength up to four times faster than conventional methods. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system in the world today. Many leading athletes use it: World-famous Heavyweight Boxer Muhammad Ali, World Heavyweight Judo Champion Wim Ruska, and Cycling Champion Eddy Merckx, to name only a few.

Q. How long does Bullworker training take?

Jack Barclay,
Junior Mr. Europe
shows the kind of
results he achieved
with Isometric
Bullworker training.



Dave Prowse, 3-time British Weightlifting champion, demonstrates a super-effective 7-second exercise for building powerful biceps...using the new Bullworker with built-in powermeter.

A. Bullworker provides absolutely the fastest kind of exercise possible. In fact, an introduction training program takes only 70 seconds a day. No other system—weightlifting, pulleys, or strenuous calisthenics—can give you results so quickly and easily. On the contrary, many old-fashioned methods take hours of sweaty, boring work each day...and it's often months before you begin to see improvements. Busy professional athletes and champions don't have time for that. Nobody does.

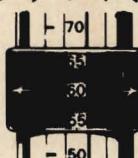
Q. How long does it take before you begin getting results?

A. With the Bullworker, you can actually begin to see and measure the positive results right from the very first day! Thanks to a built-in measuring device called the Powermeter. After every exercise you just check the reading to see exactly how much your strength has increased from the day before. There's no guesswork involved. Isometric Bullworker training can increase your power at the amazing rate of up to 4% per week! That means a 50% increase in strength in the first three months alone. And I've known many young men who have gone on to double and even triple their strength.

Q. What do those figures mean in visual terms?

A. They mean that in as little as 14 days you can actually begin to see muscle growth in a mirror and verify it with a tape measure. Every week thereafter brings ever faster growth.

Built-in Powermeter
You can actually measure your
musclepower g-r-o-w-i-n-g
from the very first day.



Q. But to get such impressive results, don't you have to work very hard?

A. Absolutely not. That's the outstanding advantage of Isometric training...it's so amazingly easy! Each "Static-power" Isometric exercise takes only 7 seconds, and you barely have to move. It's not even necessary to disrobe. The Bullworker is so light and compact, it can be used at home, in the office, anywhere...even while watching TV! It's a great improvement over bulky, expensive weights, bicycle machines, pulleys, etc.

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fied their law completely — when he has it and just doesn't want to pay it — then it pays to make an example of him."

Delinquent borrowers have also been made to assist the syndicate in carrying out a crime. A hairdresser could not pay and he had to identify wealthy clients, ascertain the value of their jewelry, and obtain addresses and apartment numbers. He also had to find out the husband's working hours, the maid's day off, and other information and pass it along to the syndicate.

A sports announcer, to clear his debt, had to steer "sporting types" to a crooked crap game and a trucker had to ship and store some stolen property.

If a customer becomes unhappy over the increased amount of the debt, the loanshark might call for a "sitdown." This kangaroo court, presided over by a high ranking member of the family, becomes the forum for debate over the debt. The amount settled on is never less than the original loan and is usually three or four times that. Fixing the final figure is "topping the clock" and that happens only when the borrower cannot possibly pay the vigorish. No more interest is accumulated, just a lump sum to be paid by a specific time.

More lucrative and attractive to organized crime is the practice of using the unpaid loan as a springboard to launch the loanshark and the mob into a legitimate business operation with the delinquent client. The loanshark, backed by the power of the mob, would prefer to takeover, sell the stock of the business, and bankrupt it, emerging with pure profit, than merely to beat or kill the customer.

This is what happens. A borrower cannot pay his debt so the shark tells him that they are "business partners." The loanshark still expects his vigorish on the old loan in addition to one half of his new partner's profits. Not long after, the loanshark has an idea. He suggests to the borrower that they "swap even up." The shylock will forget the loan and the victim will forget the business. This process usually takes place within six months time.

Joe Valachi took over half interest in a restaurant from a customer who could not pay. The man owed him \$3,500 and the partnership was worth \$9,000. So Valachi paid him the differ-

"Your body is your collateral."

ence and used the restaurant as his operations base and made \$800 a month on it.

Valachi also became a partner in a dress factory. He then used his influence to assure that the union would be kept out and that the factory had plenty of business. The idea is to use loansharking to make mob money legitimate. If a bar owner could not pay, he was forced to install mob controlled jukeboxes and cigarette machines. But that is not the end. Once the syndicate has gained entrance into a business, it will use muscle and terror to eliminate competition or it will arrange for advantageous labor contracts through corrupt union officials.

But this is not the extent of infiltration. The syndicates have actually managed to push their way into brokerage houses on Wall Street and into banks. The New York Commission heard testimony and tapes give an account of a stock clerk, in debt to a loanshark, who had been used as a go-between in an attempted sale of stolen stocks. A Wall Street messenger who had testified about being robbed of securities was found stabbed to death. The medical examiner stopped counting after he found 125 stab wounds.

The New York Commission found several instances where loansharks

were able to gain control of the operations of brokerage houses through usurious loans. Stockholders who became deeply indebted to the underworld money lenders were forced into schemes involving the sale of thousands of shares of worthless stock resulting in great losses to the investing public.

In some instances, bank funds were being used to finance loansharking. The syndicate accomplished this through "indiscriminate and improper lending practices and the systematic discounting of unsecured and often worthless third party notes;" this from the New York Commission report. The disturbing revelation was also made that one New York City bank was the base of operations for a large scale loansharking operation and was also a source for recruiting new customers. All of this made possible through the corrupting of many bank officials and employees.

The two main things that can help wage war on loansharking are increased public understanding of the problem and public cooperation to make the laws work.

The public must understand that when a man borrows from a shylock, the only collateral he puts up is his body and his life. A construction contractor borrowed one million dollars from a shark and began to list the collateral he had to guarantee the loan. The shark was not interested. He said, "Your body is your collateral."

Prosecution is still difficult. The problem is convincing a witness to testify with the shadow of the Mafia looming over him. Law enforcement authorities state that a debt will usually be forgotten if the client goes to the police. The gangsters will not risk bothering a man who is probably being given protective surveillance. But how do you convince a victim that this is true and how do you guarantee his safety when he is well acquainted with the fates of untold numbers of other clients who failed to pay off their loans?

The Truth in Lending Act (1968) provides the legal power to prosecute loansharks. There is also an immunity section of that law to encourage witnesses to testify. The legal power is there but the wisest advice would be not to borrow that \$500 from Al in the first place. It could be the death of you. 

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CHARACTER

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HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL

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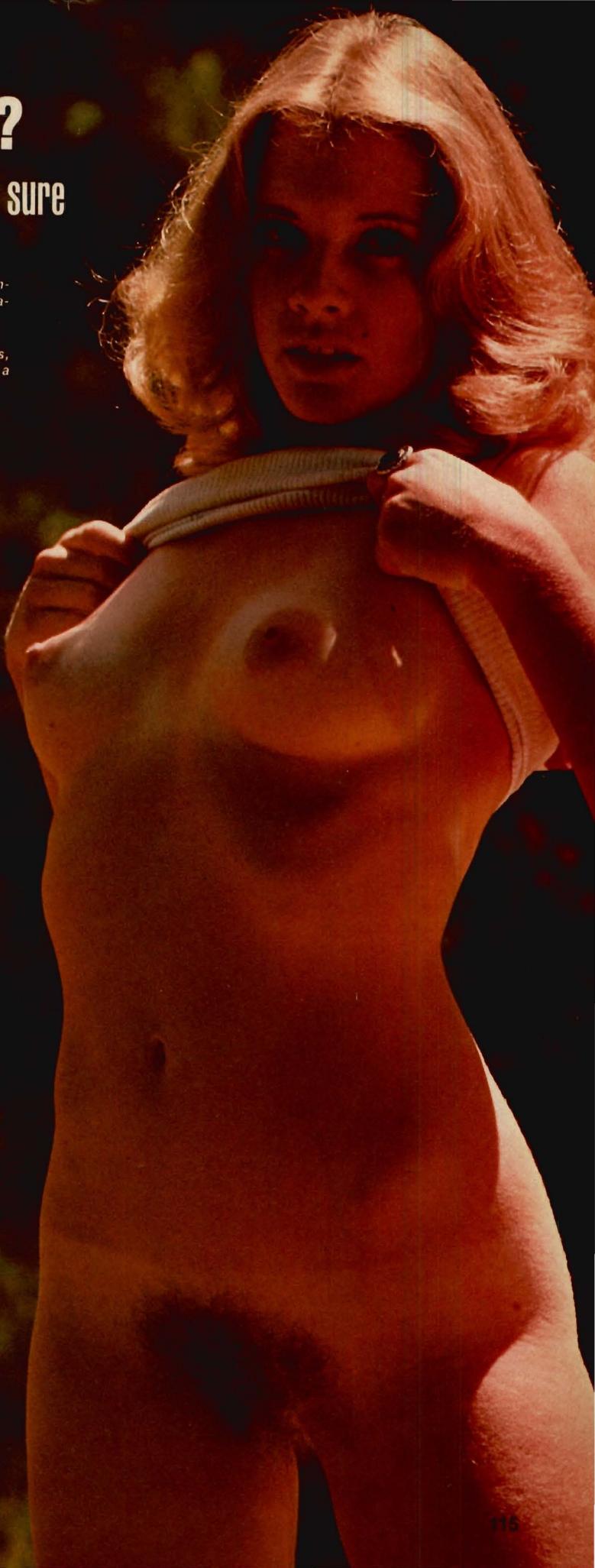
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chest. "The things I could do with those things . . ."

"Right cheer!" Steven Finch boomed, appearing unexpectedly from behind the maple. "Someone call for me?"

Steven was a giant and very deserving of the nickname "Whale." He was a second generation Irish American; 6'5" and 250 pounds. Before moving to Bedford Terrace, he had walked a beat in the Bronx without the slightest knowledge of fear. On a routine robbery stakeout, a 38 slug had passed neatly through his chest, missing all vital organs by inches, yet permanently damaging his brain. The incident had reduced him, in seconds, from a loud mouthed, bullyish individual, to a pathetic coward who wouldn't hear the remark about his wife. Now at 36, with prematurely graying hair, Steven distributed medical supplies for a company owned and operated by people he had never met, and drank a lot in search of another ego.

His fears were unknown to everyone except Dianna. She was 5'4" with red hair and a fair complexion that was accented with the slightest amount of make-up. Her green eyes were crested by smooth dark eyebrows and her long natural eyelashes fluttered butterfly-like as she talked.

She was three years older than any of the other girls in the group, but kept her body lean and shapely. She was able to fill a halter top with heavy breasts that sloped from their base to rest gently on her chest, then turned up and out to form very round, very full mounds, that floated easily side by side as she walked.

She had long since accepted Steven's weakness as a way of life and his incapability as something she could do nothing about. During nights when unable to sleep because of an unfilled need within her, she would leave Steven resting peacefully in bed, and in her dressing room, without turning on the lights, she would remove her night gown in front of a full length mirror and gently touch parts of her body, longing for a man . . . any man.

Dianna knew of the affair between Kathy and Mark. She had been walking the night they sat on the patio and had seen Kathy return to Mark with her blouse arranged to invite him.

From A Green Wicker Chair

"Some place where we can have sex in an open field."

When they moved inside she struggled with herself to walk away but instead had crouched beneath the first floor living room window and watched the act; with Kathy's permission.

Returning home, her nerve endings tingling with false expectation, she found Steven asleep in front of the television. Nearly bursting with anxiety she retreated to her place before the mirror and ripped off her clothes. Her hands trembled as she worked her already aching nipples. She dropped both hands to her crotch and her fingers plunged into the source of her wanting. One hand returned to her breast and she spread her legs wide apart, she pushed down trying to remember how it had been with Steven. Without thinking, she whirled from her reflection and ran down the hall to the TV room. In front of Steven she lay on the floor, her hands roaming frantically over her body searching for a place that would feel best; and she arched her back, lifting her hips full away from the carpet, and pawed between her thighs until a gush of relief racked through her person. Cupping her hurt with both hands she rolled to her stomach, where she wept into the rug; Steven's closed eyes watching an unchanging test pattern.

Mark selected a glass from the table and poured a single shot of scotch into it and added one ice cube. Pushing past Eric, who was fixing his fourth gin and tonic, he offered the drink to Dianna and ushered her to one corner of the patio. He settled into the only available chair and Dianna dropped cross-legged in front of him.

"Let's run away together." She said flatly.

"Where do you want to go?" He answered in the same tone, knowing that it was only a way to get a conversation started; yet there was some-

thing unidentifiable to Mark in her voice.

"I don't care." She whispered. "Someplace where we can have sex in an open field." She continued, her head bowed. She studied the concrete, picking at it with her red painted nails, then looking deep into his eyes she said, "I don't care Mark . . . in an open field . . . or in a house. . ." She paused, then whispered, "Like you and Kathy do."

Shifting his position in the chair, Mark looked down at Dianna. Her halter top was gapped, revealing her large breasts; white with occasional freckles, the nipples standing erect, centered in a brown ring of flesh. For seconds, he stared into the center of her chest, thinking of nothing.

"You're looking at me, Mark." She whispered, catching his eyes as they jumped to her face.

"Yes . . ." he said quietly.

"Mark . . ." she whispered again, as though trying to wake him from a deep sleep; then stood and walked inside.

He followed her up the stairs and into the bedroom. Slowly closing the door, he stepped to her, and pressed himself against her back. Easing his hands under her arms, he cupped her breasts, feeling them move forward to meet him. She unfastened the knot holding the two ends of her halter top together, and pressed Mark's hands against her bare skin. Beginning his palms in a massaging manner, she dropped her hands to her shorts and quickly pushed them to the floor. Turning to Mark she began tugging at his pull-over.

"Hurry . . . !" she urged, releasing him and tearing at her remaining clothes. "Hurry . . . !"

She walked nude to the bed, and without looking back at Mark, she bent forward from the waist and supported her weight with her forearms. Mark positioned himself behind her, and leaning over her body, he fondled her breasts, hanging free like two water filled balloons from her chest. She reached back through her legs and with both hands working rapidly, she helped enlarge his most wanted part. His hands slid exploringly over her back, and between her thighs, where she was already wet with hunger. With his finger he let her have a hint of what she longed for and her bottom pushed expectantly at him.

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Wanting to wait no longer, she forced him horizontal and took it in eagerly. He stood motionless as she rocked back and forth to him, taking as much as she could find. Then spinning around, she pulled him to her as she fell back on the bed.

"Hurry, Mark . . . ! Hurry . . . !" she pleaded. "Make it good for me! Make it good for me!"

He fell between her spread legs, and pulled her breast to his mouth; his tongue licked at her stiff nipples.

"Not that Mark . . . please . . . !" she groaned, grabbing for his tool, and pushing it into her. "Do it now . . . ! Do it to me now . . . please!"

He drove himself in as far as he could, feeling her wetness surround his hardened member.

"Fast Mark!" she said, her eyes closed; her head tossing from side to side. "I'm ready now! Do it fast . . . !"

He pumped as fast as his body would let him; bouncing the bed with motions. She clung to him, wrapping both her arms around his back and lifting her legs straight into the air. Letting a squeal come from her mouth; she became rigid as a wave of dizzying orgasm blistered through her body.

Dianna dressed in silence and left Mark in the bedroom. Walking down-stairs she moved through the people on the patio, and finding Steven, she lifted herself to her tiptoes, and lightly kissed him on the cheek; then lowering, she buried her head under his arm.

"You got it baby!" Steven boomed. "You want it here or should we go home?"

Eric coughed a fake laugh and jabbed at Steven's shoulder. "You silly savage . . . !" he joked, imitating a lisp.

In the kitchen, Mark fixed another drink and walked outside. Feeling the effect of liquor, everyone was talking at the same time; no one was listening to what was being said.

Mark cut between couples excusing himself, and found an empty chair under the maple. He sat for a long time and listened to the noise.

Tom and Doris Manski had arrived during his absence, and with the only drink they would have for the evening, they had set out on separate paths to impress people.

Doris, a Jewish college graduate, with a degree in psychology, was pregnant for the second time and had

"Hurry, Mark . . . !
Hurry . . . !" she pleaded.
"Make it good for me!"

begun another of her impromptu lectures on the effects of her incompetent cervix. She described in lengthy detail, the medical procedure for correcting such a condition, and demonstrated the position one assumed when having it done.

Tom Manski flitted about from person to person trying to flex his nonexistent muscles. He was certain his only reason for being was to bring pleasure into the drab lives of common housewives; and in pursuing the notion, he had succeeded in having everyone think him gay.

Around midnight the party broke up and everyone said their good-nights, except the VonHuff's.

"Help me with him, will you Mark?" Kathy pleaded, gesturing disgustedly at Eric, who was snoring in a half standing position under the maple. "I can't get him home by myself."

"You go ahead." Susan offered, before Mark could answer. "I'll finish up here."

"Thanks for everything." Kathy said, handing her empty glass to Susan. "Everything was great . . . I'll give you a call in the morning."

"Don't be too long . . ." Susan directed Mark with a shake of her butt. "I'll be waiting for you."

Mark shouldered Eric's weight and followed Kathy down the path. Unlocking the front door she turned to him and said, "Just put him on the

couch for the night, Mark. He'll be alright." Then she disappeared up the stairs.

He lowered Eric to the couch and as he was turning to leave Eric lifted his head and slurred, "Thanks old buddy . . ." then lapsed into apparent unconsciousness.

The house was dark, except for an ambient glow produced by a full moon. Mark walked into the hallway leading to the front door and was startled as Kathy stepped from the entrance of the kitchen. She stood nude, blocking the door; her hands cupping her breasts as though offering them to him.

"Thanks Mark . . ." she whispered. "If I can return the favor . . ."

"Not tonight." he answered without interest.

"Ah, Mark . . . can't I do anything for you?" she teased; her hands beginning to move up and down her body arousing the place between her thighs. "Just a little bit . . ." she jokingly pleaded.

She stepped to him and pushed her hand against his crotch.

"Eric's out cold," she continued, forcing her hands down his trouser front, "he won't hear a thing."

Without waiting for an answer, she lowered herself to her knees and unzipped the front of his pants. With both hands, she reached in and pulled him through the opening. Her tongue tantalizingly outlining his shape, she dropped one hand to her place and began playing the old game with herself inside. She guided him through the circle of her lips with her unoccupied hand; her head moved to and from him, and she began to bounce on her heels, her insides reacting to the gifts of her talented hand. She twisted her head with each forward thrust, adding pleasure to pleasure — then suddenly she stopped, and standing, she started up the stairs. On the third step, she leaned over the banister, and looked into Mark's face.

"How was Dianna?" she questioned in a matter-of-fact tone, then disappeared out of Mark's sight up the stairs.

As he was closing the front door behind him, Mark heard, "Thanks, old buddy," coming from the living room couch.

Clearly in his mind, Mark heard the girl with black hair call, "Sasha . . . Sasha . . . we have to go now."

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